

SIR WILLIAM JONES'S

LETTERS

VO I.



Sir J. Reynolds pinx.

G. Murray sculp.

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LETTERS

OF

SIR WILLIAM JONES,

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SIR WILLIAM JONES'S

LETTERS.

1.

*To C. Reviczki.**

How pleasing was that half-hour to me, in which we conversed on Persian poetry, our mutual delight ! I considered it the commencement of a most agreeable friendship and intercourse between us ; but my expectations are disappointed by the circumstances in which we are unavoidably placed ; for my business will confine me to the country longer than I wish ; and you, as I am informed, are pre-

* This letter was written in Latin, and in the beginning of the year 1768. Count Reviczki was imperial minister at Warsaw, and afterwards ambassador at the court of England : he was deeply skilled in Oriental literature.

paring to return immediately to Germany. I have, therefore to lament, that our intimacy is, as it were, nipped in the bud. I am not, however, without this consolation ; that if I cannot personally converse with you, I can at least correspond with you, and thus enjoy the satisfaction arising from a communication of our sentiments and studies. In mentioning our friendship, I shall not, I trust, be deemed guilty of an improper freedom. Similarity of studies, fondness for polite literature, congenial pursuits, and conformity of sentiments, are the great bonds of intimacy amongst mankind. Our studies and pursuits are the same, with this difference indeed—that you are already deeply versed in Oriental learning, whilst I am incessantly labouring with all my might to obtain a proficiency in it. But I will not allow you to excel me in partiality for those studies, since nothing can exceed my delight in them. From my earliest years, I was charmed with the poetry of the Greeks ; nothing, I then thought, could be more sublime than the odes of Pindar, nothing sweeter than Anacreon, nothing more polished or elegant than the golden remains of Sappho, Archilochus, Alcæus, and Simonides : but when I had tasted the poetry of the Arabs and Persians * * * * *

- The remainder of this letter is lost ; but from the context, and the answer of Reviczki, we may conclude that it contained an elaborate panegyric on Eastern poetry.

II.

*From C. Reviczki.**

SIR,

London, Feb. 19, 1768.

I AM highly gratified by your recollection of me, as well as by the repeated compliments which you pay me, in your letters to Madame de Vacluse. I must acknowledge, that I feel not a little proud of them ; but still more, that an interview of a quarter of an hour has procured me the honour of your friendship. I should be most happy to cultivate it, if my plans allowed me to remain longer in this country, or if I could at least see you at Oxford, which I purpose visiting before I leave England. I hear with pleasure, that you have undertaken to publish a Treatise on Oriental Prosody. As I am convinced that you will perform this task most ably and successfully, I anticipate, with satisfaction, the mortification of all our European poets, who must blush at the poverty of their prosaic language, when they find that the Oriental dialects (independently of rhyme, which is of their invention) have true syllabic quantities, as well as the Greek, and a

* Written in French.

greater variety of feet, and consequently the true science of metre and prosody.

I take the liberty of sending you a rough sketch of one of my latest translations from Hafez, with whom I sometimes amuse myself in a leisure hour. You are too well acquainted with the genius of the Persian language, not to perceive the rashness of my attempt: I do not indeed pretend to give the beauty of the original, but merely its sense, simple and unornamented. I have added to it a very free paraphrase in verse, in which, however, the greatest deviation from the text consists in the occasional substitution of *mistress* for *mignon*, either to give a connexion to the stanzas, which in this kind of composition is never preserved, or to make it more conformable to our European taste. The Persian poet, indeed, speaks of his mistress in the first verse.

You will find in the margin several quotations from the Greek and Latin poets, which occurred to my recollection whilst I was reading Hafez, expressing the same sentiments with the Persian. I hope to have the satisfaction of seeing you here before I leave England, assuring you with truth, that I consider the honour of your acquaintance among the greatest advantages attending my visit to this country.

I am, &c.

III.

*From C. Reviczki.**

SIR,

London, Feb. 24, 1768.

I RECEIVED your learned and obliging letter on the same day on which I wrote to you ; and I read it with the greatest pleasure, though I could have wished that it had been more just to your own merit, and less flattering to me. I will not, however, take your expressions literally ; and notwithstanding your declarations, the taste and judgment which you have displayed in the passages quoted by you, evidently prove that you have advanced far in Oriental literature. I must however beg quarter for the Greek and Latin ; for, admitting what I am not disposed to deny, the perfection, and even the superiority of the Orientals, particularly the Persians, in some species of poetry, I would, without hesitation, renounce all knowledge of the three Eastern languages for that of the Greek alone. I rejoice that you have made so much progress in your work, and that I may hope soon to see it published ; but how to assist you with my advice I know not, as I have not with me a single treatise

* Written in French.

upon the subject of Oriental prosody. It is in truth an ocean ; and such are the abundance and variety of measures used by the Orientals, that no memory can retain them.

I am very anxious to learn under what head you class the *Kasidah*, a species of composition highly admired by the Arabs, and very successfully cultivated by them : it has a nearer resemblance than any other kind of poetry to the Latin elegy, but its construction partakes of that of the *Gazel*,* with this difference, that the latter is restricted to thirteen couplets, whilst the number of those in the *Kasidah* is unlimited ; and secondly, that in each distich of the *Gazel*, the sense must be complete and finished, whilst in the *Kasidah*, the sentiment is continued through successive lines.

Of this species of composition I do not know a more perfect specimen, than the poem on the death of Mohammed, so celebrated throughout the East, that every man of letters can repeat it. It is one continued allegory, but admirable and pathetic ; and begins, if I rightly remember, thus :

Does memory recall the blissful bowers
Of Solyma, the seat of many a friend ;
That thus thy grief pours forth such copious showers,
And bursting sighs thy labouring bosom rend ?

With respect to your doubts on the supposed allegory of Hafez, much may be said. I am rather inclined to believe, that the mystical exposition

* Amatory poem ; it is not restricted to thirteen couplets, as Reviczki writes, but to seventeen, and generally contains about seven or eight.

of this great poet, by the Mohammedans, may be imputed to their veneration and respect for his memory, and that their object in it is to justify his conduct as a poet, by representing him equally irreproachable in his morals and compositions. Most of the commentators, as Shemy, Surury, and others, labour to give a mystical interpretation of his verses on wine, youth, pleasures, and a contempt for religion, so discreditable to a good Musulman; but the ablest of them all, the learned Sadi, disclaims this mode of illustration, and professes to give a literal exposition of the text of Hafez, in opposition to the opinions of other commentators, and without questioning the purity of their intentions. It may not be amiss to communicate to you an anecdote, which I have read somewhere respecting Hafez.* After the death of this great man, some of the religious were disposed to deny his body the right of sepulture, alleging, in objection, the licentiousness of his poetry; after a long dispute, they left the decision to a divination in use amongst them, by opening his book at random, and taking the first couplet which occurred: it happened to be this:

Turn not away from Hafez' bier,
Nor scornful check the pitying tear;
For though immersed in sin he lies,
His soul forgiven to heaven shall rise.

* This anecdote is quoted by sir William Jones, in the ninth chapter of his Commentaries on Asiatic poetry, where he states the respective arguments in support of a *literal* or *mystical* interpretation of it. Without pronouncing a positive decision, he gives an opinion in favour of a literal interpretation as the most probable.

This passage was deemed a divine decision ; the religious withdrew their objections, and he was buried in Mosella, a place rendered famous by his own verses. This anecdote, I think, is related by Kaleb Celebi. As to myself, although I am disposed to believe that when Hafez speaks of love and wine, he has no recondite meaning, I am equally willing to declare, that his writings are not disgraced by those obscenities, nor those gross and filthy expressions, which so frequently occur in Sadi.

Nor can I avoid considering him a free-thinker : and a hundred passages might be quoted, in which the poet ridicules the prophet and his Coran ; as for instance, when he says,

Wine, that our sober seer proclaims
Parent of sin, and foul misnames,
With purer joy my soul beguiles,
Than beauty's bloom, or beauty's smiles.

As to the Turkish poets, I confess I do not read them with the same pleasure, although I am willing to allow that some of them have merit. In my opinion, Ruhi of Bagdat is the most agreeable of them all : he has written some admirable satires. Perhaps you are not acquainted with him. The Turkish poets, in general, are no better than slavish imitators of the Persians, and often deficient in taste and harmony.

I am, with the greatest esteem and veneration,
sir, &c.

IV.

*From C. Reviczki.**

London, March 7, 1768.

I AM at a loss to determine whether your letter has afforded me most pleasure or instruction; it is indeed so admirable, that I must point out the only fault which I find in it, that of brevity, although you seem apprehensive of being thought tedious. I suspect that I am indebted to your partiality and politeness only, for the excessive encomiums which you have bestowed upon my translation of the two odes which I sent to you, as well as for the favourable opinion which you entertain of my trifles. I am, however, seriously obliged to you for your animadversions upon my inaccuracies, though, when I consider their number, I must impute it to your indulgence, that you have been so sparing in your corrections. Without wishing to lessen my obligations to your kindness, I cannot avoid mentioning, by way of apology, that it is only three months since I resumed the task of writing verses, which I renounced when I left school; and not from any motive of vanity, or desire of reputation, but merely as

• Written in Latin.

an amusement of my leisure hours. My relapse has produced the translation of about fifty odes of our learned Hafez,

For whom each hour a growing fondness brings,
As by degrees the vernal alder springs.*

But observing, in the progress of the work, the immense inferiority of my version to the original, I began to be disgusted with it.

I recollect to have read somewhere, with great pleasure, the Prelections of the bishop of Oxford, of which you speak so highly, and which you propose to imitate ; but I remember nothing more of this work, than that I thought both the style and arrangement of it equally admirable. The Grecian and Oriental flowers, scattered throughout your letter, delighted me exceedingly, and your selection of them shows your judgment : I also approve your idea of visiting the East ; but previously to your undertaking it, I would recommend to you to make yourself master of the common language of the Turks, or of the vulgar Arabic, not only as indispensably necessary to your communications with the Mohammedans, but as a means of deriving pleasure and profit from the journey.

I do not mean to apply my censures on the servile imitations of Turkish authors to every species of imitation ; for, in some instances, the imitation, as in the case of Virgil with respect to Hesiod, has surpassed the original. Nor can Hafez himself

* These lines are taken from a juvenile translation of sir Wm. Jones.

deny the imputation of plagiarism, having actually transcribed whole lines from other poets : his collection of poems begins with an instance of this kind ; for the very first hemistich is transcribed from one of Yezid,* the son of Mowavea, with an alteration only in the collocation of the words, not to mention nearly a complete ode in another place ; but I am disgusted with the flat and perpetual imitation of the many Turkish poets, to whom we may aptly apply the words of Horace :

O servile herd of imitators !——

Do you wish to know my opinion respecting the other Persian poets, and whether I think Hafez alone elegant ? Far from it ; for who can read without ecstasy the first page of Sadi ? Indeed, my passion for Oriental literature was first excited by hearing the following lines of Sadi accidentally repeated by my teacher at Constantinople, who explained them to me :

All-bounteous Lord ! whose providential care
Ev'n on thy proud rebellious sons descends ;
How canst thou bid thy votaries despair,
Whose boundless mercy to thy foes extends ?

But who can suppress his indignation when he reads the wretched translation of this elegant writer, by Gentius ? I acknowledge, however, that I am more delighted with Hafez, who unites fine morality

* Yezid was the son of Mowavea, the first caliph of the race of Ommiah.

with cheerfulness. With respect to Jami, whose works I do not at present possess, I remember enough of what I read at Constantinople to venture to assert, that he is the most successful of the Persian poets, In the judgment of Sadi, Hafez is unequal ; some of his odes are excellent, others very inferior, and some very tame; whilst Jami preserves an equality throughout. I have not translated the ode of Hafez, "If that fair maid," &c.* into Latin verse, as the sense is so unconnected : but a prose translation of it, with notes, if you wish to have it, is at your service. In the mean time, I send you my latest production, not complete indeed, but a mere embryo.—Farewell.

P. S. It is little to say, I approve your Arabic verses : I really admire them, but dare not, in this instance, attempt to imitate you.

REVICZKI.

* See a poetical translation of this ode, in sir William Jones's works, vol. ii. p. 244.

V.

*From C. Reviczki.**

London, March 17, 1768.

I WAS highly delighted with your letter, particularly with your various translations, imitations, and compositions : they not only prove you have

Made the Greek authors your supreme delight ;
Read them by day, and studied them by night—
(*Francis.*)

but that you have attained all the peculiar elevation, as well as elegance, of that language. Your Ode to Venus is as beautiful as Venus herself ; and you have imitated with wonderful success so divine an original.

Is it not melancholy to reflect, that not only so much of the compositions of this elegant writer should be lost, but that the little which remains is so mutilated and corrupted ?

That the text of the ode selected by you, and even that preserved by Dionysius, and published by

* Written in Latin.

Upton, is preferable to that of Stephens, or whoever made the emendations (such as they are), I freely admit; for the rules of dialect are not only better observed, but it contains stronger marks of being genuine: yet, after all, it is impossible to deny, that there are many chasms in it, as well as errors, which cannot be satisfactorily amended by any explanation or twisting of the sense.

That Sappho wrote in the dialect of her own country, which cannot at this time be perfectly understood, is sufficiently probable; but it would be absurd to suppose the Æolic dialect irreconcilable to metre and prosody; not to mention the evident corruption of the sense in some passages.

* * * * *

Your translation of the Epigram on the Kiss of Agatho, is very elegant; and the idea in it resembles that of Hafez, in the following lines:

Anxious thy blooming charms to see,
Quick to my lips my soul ascends.
Must it expire or live?—decree:—
For on thy voice my fate depends.

I send you, as I promised, a prose translation of the Persian ode, together with an attempt at a poetical version of it, which I will hereafter improve. Pray, inform me whether there is any translation of Hafez, printed or manuscript, in Latin, or any other European language; for I know of no other attempt at a translation of this poet, than that of the first ode, lately published in the *Analecta* of Professor Hyde.

I request likewise to be informed, where I am likely to find the first book of the Iliad of Homer, with an analysis and notes, for the use of scholars, printed in England, which a friend of mine wishes to procure for his son.

The ode, of which you praise the concluding verse, is elegant : I remember only the first couplet :—

Bring wine, and scatter flowers around ;
Nor seek the depths of fate to sound.
Such was the morning rose's tale :
What say'st thou, warbler of the vale ?

Although I have begun the preparations for my departure, and have packed up my books, if you wish to have a translation of this ode, or if it will be of any use to you, I will undertake it before I go. I wait your commands.

Farewell.

VI.

*From C. Reviczki.**

London, March 29, 1768.

THAT I have deferred longer than usual my reply to your obliging letter, you must impute to the novel and strange appearance of things here. You will not, I trust, be disposed to blame a delay, occasioned by the attention of a foreigner to customs which are peculiar to your country, and which I never observed in any other; for I confess to you, that I never saw any thing similar to the mode here pursued of electing members of parliament: the novelty of it at first amused me, but the increasing tumult sickened and disgusted me, and, by compelling me to remain at home, afforded me an opportunity of writing to you. I rejoice that my version of the Persian ode pleases you, and that it has induced you to think me equal to the translation of the whole collection: but highly as I am honoured by your opinion, I cannot but think your advice somewhat unmerciful; for what mortal, unless

Or oak, or brass, with triple fold,
Around his daring bosom roll'd—

(*Francis.*)

* Written in Latin.

would undertake a translation, in prose and verse, of six hundred odes? The attempt would not only require many years, but an entire exemption from all other occupations, which is not my case: I can only make these studies my occasional amusement. I mean, however, some time or other, to publish as much as I can.

The person who applied to me for the first book of the Iliad, with a verbal analysis, already possesses the key to Homer; but he thinks the other work better adapted to the use of boys, because the notes in it are subjoined to the text, which is not the plan of the Clavis. If you have one at hand, oblige me by just looking into it; for, if my memory does not fail me, there is a catalogue prefixed, mentioning the work which I want, and the name of the printer.

Although your politeness has excused any farther efforts, I nevertheless send the ode which you requested in your last letter but one, as I think it will please you. It is by no means one of the easiest, either to understand or translate; and indeed, the force of the peculiar idioms of a foreign language cannot be well conveyed by any circumlocution.

You ask my opinion of the affinity between the Hebrew and Arabic, and of an idiom, common to both, of using the future for the past. Though I seldom read Hebrew, or, to say the truth, though I consider this sacred language rather as an object of veneration than of delight, (for, excepting the Old Testament itself, and some rabbinical dreams about it, there is nothing in it worth perusal), I well remember, from the little of it which I have

read, having remarked a close connexion between the grammar of the Hebrew and Arabic: the moods and tenses in both are so few, as to require the frequent substitution of one for another: the Greek, however, which is so redundant in moods and tenses, sometimes does the same; for instance, when it uses the infinitive for the imperative. With respect to the measures used in the two languages, I am of a different opinion; for I consider the metrical art of the Arabs of much later invention, and to have assumed its present form only a short time before Mohammed, there being no trace whatever among them of a more ancient poetry. If the Hebrew poetry had a similar construction, which may indeed be suspected from a similar use of the vowels, we might, by this time, have traced, without difficulty, the laws of Hebrew metre by the analogy.

If the text of the ode, which you mention to have read in the miscellaneous works of some anonymous author, had been correct, you would not have wanted my humble assistance: but it is so full of errors, that I must be an Œdipus to interpret it. Every one knows, that the mere irregularity of the diacritical points occasions infinite difficulty in the Oriental languages: but this is doubly increased by the casual omission or alteration of the letters themselves. It is therefore absolutely necessary, in my opinion, as it is impossible to find manuscripts without errors, to possess two copies of every one which you read, that the faults of the one may be corrected by the other; and this is my method.



I have only to conclude, by thanking you for your Italian sonnet, and expressing the commendation to which it is entitled.

Farewell.

VII.

*To C. Reviczki.**

April, 1768.

NOTHING can afford a stronger proof of your polite attention to me, than your last very friendly letter, which you contrived to write in the midst of city bustle, during the noise of riotous mobs, and the tumult of a parliamentary election ; and to accompany it with a most beautiful Persian ode, and a Latin translation. Our favourite Hafez deserves indeed to be fed with ambrosia, and I daily discover, with increasing delight, new beauties and elegances in him. The principal difficulty attending the translation and publication of his poems as you have begun, consists in giving them a poetical dress : but this will prove easier than you imagine ; for there are many of his odes, which I conclude you will not attempt to translate, as containing expressions wholly foreign to our manners—lofty and

• Written in Latin.

daring figures, or abrupt unconnected lines ; and this will, in some measure, alleviate the Herculean labour of the task.

* * * * *

If I were not a sincere lover of truth, and averse from all dissimulation, I should lament that our capital has fallen under your inspection in these times of turbulence and distraction, when the liberty of my country, so universally celebrated, has degenerated into unbridled licentiousness, not to say outrage. The original form of our constitution is almost divine ;—to such a degree, that no state of Rome or Greece could ever boast one superior to it ; nor could Plato, Aristotle, nor any legislator, even conceive a more perfect model of a state. The three parts which compose it, are so harmoniously blended and incorporated, that neither the flute of Aristoxenus, nor the lyre of Timotheus, ever produced more perfect concord. What can be more difficult than to devise a constitution, which, while it guards the dignity of the sovereign, and liberty of the people, from any encroachment, by the influence and power of the nobility, preserves the force and majesty of the laws from violation, by the popular liberty ? This was the case formerly in our island, and would be so still, if the folly of some had not prompted them to spur on the populace, instead of holding them in. I cannot therefore restrain my indignation against Wilkes, a bold and able, but turbulent man, the very torch and firebrand of sedition. But what can be said in defence of the honour and consistency of some of our nobility, who, after having given him

their countenance and support, shamefully deserted and betrayed him ?

If you wish to obtain more accurate information respecting our laws and customs, I recommend to your perusal Smith's *Treatise on the English Constitution*, and the *Dialogue of Fortescue in praise of the Laws of England*. Thomas Smith was the English Ambassador in France in the reign of Elizabeth, and his work is in Latin, and not inelegantly written. To Fortescue's little tract, we may apply the words of Xenophon to the *Teleboas* : " It is not large, but beautiful." He was chancellor of England under Henry the Sixth, and was compelled, by the distractions of the times, to take refuge, with his pupil Prince Edward, in France, where, in an advanced age, he composed his little golden dialogue. These books will convince you, that our laws are framed with the greatest wisdom, and that (as Pindar, quoted by Plato in his *Gorgias*, says),

Sovereign o'er all, eternal Law,
On gods and men imposes awe ;
And Justice, strengthen'd by her hand,
O'er all exerts supreme command.

When I reflect on our constitution, I seem, as it were, to contemplate a game at chess—a recreation in which we both delight : for we have a king, whose dignity we strenuously defend, but whose power is very limited ; the knights, and rooks, and other pieces, have some kind of resemblance to the orders of nobility, who are employed in war, and in the management of public affairs ; but the principal strength is in the pawns, or people : if these are

firmly united, they are sure of victory ; but if divided and separated, the battle is lost. The motions of all, as in the game of chess, are regulated by fixed laws. Lastly, when I consider myself, I seem like a spectator, contemplating, for his mere amusement, the two parties at the game : but, if it ever should be my lot to be concerned in the administration of affairs, I will renounce gain and popularity, and pursue one object, and one only, to preserve our beautiful constitution inviolate.

Contrary to my intention, I find I have been prolix ; I will, therefore, turn to another subject. I read your last letter with an apprehension, that it might communicate the intelligence of your speedy departure from England ; but as you are silent on this head, as my business here will soon be concluded, and as I know the uncertainty of all human affairs ; I am determined to embrace an opportunity, which, if I now neglect, may not again occur—of paying you a visit in London about the middle of the month.

Farewell.

VIII.

*To C. Reviczki.**

(No date.—1768.)

I HAVE received your two letters, replete with taste and erudition : your kindness towards me is as conspicuous in them, as the brilliancy of your genius.—I now reply to both.

Your approbation of my intention to publish my work, gives me, as it ought, great pleasure ; for I cannot but rejoice, as Hector in the tragedy says, “ in the praise of one who is himself entitled to praise.” The perusal of the two odes of the divine poet afforded me infinite delight ; they are very beautiful, but their beauties are more conspicuous from your luminous interpretation. Your metrical imitation of them is elegant ; and if you will allow me to publish it in my work, you will equally oblige me and my readers, who will be glad to hear the Persian poet speak Latin ; if you object to this, copies of them shall be deposited with my treasures, and the originals restored to you as soon as possible. You bid me return the verses to you when I am tired with them : this is as much as to say, keep them for ever ; for it is impossible that I can ever be tired with the perusal.

* Written in Latin.

IX.

*To C. Reviczki. **

Oxford, Nov. 1768.

I CANNOT resist the temptation of writing to you, although I fear you may have quitted this country before my letter arrives.

I have received your obliging letter, with an elegant ode of Hafez, which I read with the greatest pleasure, or rather devoured.

But what necessity is there to say more, since it is possible that what I write may never reach you? Let me, again and again, entreat and beseech your remembrance of me wherever you go, and that you will write to me as speedily, and at as great a length, as possible. Be assured, that nothing has, or ever can, afford me greater pleasure than your friendship.

• Written in Latin.

X.

*From a Letter to John Wilmot, Esq.**

“ My life is one unvaried scene of writing letters, and attending the *donzelle vezzose e tenerolle*, by whose beauties I confess myself easily overcome.

“ I have just read Robertson's Life of Charles the Fifth, the narrative of which is amusing and instructive, and the style flowing and elegant: but the former wants that spirit and fire of genius, that alone can make a history animated, and leave great impressions on the mind; and the latter has too great a sameness in the turn of the sentences, and abounds with too many affected words.

“ I have also given my favourite Petrarch a second reading, and was so much pleased with his lamentations over Laura, that I selected the most beautiful passages, and threw them all together in the form of an elegy, which I send you enclosed, but beg you will return it as soon as you can, as I have no other copy. I fear I shall not be at Oxford this spring, but am not certain. Give my compli-

• This letter was written from Wimbledon in the spring of 1769.

ments to Poore, and tell him, if he will descend from the starry temple of philosophy, and write to a very idle fellow, I shall be glad to hear from him ; especially as I am desirous of knowing his sentiments about my treatise, *De Poësi Asiaticâ*."

XI.

*To Lady Spencer.**

September 7, 1769.

THE necessary trouble of correcting the first printed sheets of my history prevented me to-day from paying a proper respect to the memory of Shakspeare, by attending his jubilee : but I was resolved to do all the honour in my power to so great a poet, and set out in the morning, in company with a friend, to visit a place, where Milton spent some part of his life, and where, in all probability, he

* Mr. Jones had been appointed private tutor to lord Althorpe, now earl Spencer. In the summer of 1768, his lordship was settled at Harrow, and Mr. Jones accompanied him thither. During the autumnal vacation of the ensuing year, he (Mr. Jones) visited his friends at Oxford, and made an excursion to Forest-hill, the occasional habitation of Milton. The public will read with pleasure, in the following animated letter, his relation of what he saw and felt on this occasion.

composed several of his earliest productions. It is a small village, situated on a pleasant hill, about three miles from Oxford, called Forest Hill, because it formerly lay contiguous to a forest, which has since been cut down. The poet chose this place of retirement after his first marriage; and he describes the beauties of his retreat, in that fine passage of his *L'Allegro*:

Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green.

* * * *

While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blythe,
And the mower whets his scythe;
And every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures:
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast,
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied;
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosom'd high in tufted trees.

* * * *

Hard by a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks, &c.

It was neither the proper season of the year, nor time of the day, to hear all the rural sounds, and see all the objects mentioned in this description; but, by a pleasing concurrence of circumstances, we

were saluted, on our approach to the village, with the music of the mower and his scythe ; we saw the ploughman intent upon his labour, and the milkmaid returning from her country employment.

As we ascended the hill, the variety of beautiful objects, the agreeable stillness and natural simplicity of the whole scene, gave us the highest pleasure. We at length reached the spot whence Milton undoubtedly took most of his images : it is on the top of the hill, from which there is a most extensive prospect on all sides : the distant mountains, that seemed to support the clouds ; the villages and turrets, partly shaded with trees of the finest verdure, and partly raised above the groves that surrounded them ; the dark plains and meadows of a grayish colour, where the sheep were feeding at large ; in short, the view of the streams and rivers convinced us that there was not a single useless or idle word in the above-mentioned description, but that it was a most exact and lively representation of nature. Thus will this fine passage, which has always been admired for its elegance, receive an additional beauty from its exactness. After we had walked, with a kind of poetical enthusiasm, over this enchanted ground, we returned to the village.

The poet's house was close to the church ; the greatest part of it has been pulled down, and what remains belongs to an adjacent farm. I am informed, that several papers, in Milton's own hand, were found by the gentleman who was last in possession of the estate. The tradition of his having lived there is current among the villagers : one of them showed us a ruinous wall that made part of

his chamber; and I was much pleased with another, who had forgotten the name of Milton, but recollected him by the title of The Poet.

It must not be omitted, that the groves near this village are famous for nightingales, which are so elegantly described in the *Penseroso*. Most of the cottage windows are overgrown with sweet-briers, vines, and honey-suckles; and that Milton's habitation had the same rustic ornament, we may conclude, from his description of the lark bidding him good-morrow,

Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:

for it is evident, that he meant a sort of honey-suckle by the eglantine; though that word is commonly used for the sweet-brier, which he could not mention twice in the same couplet.

If I ever pass a month or six weeks at Oxford in the summer, I shall be inclined to hire and repair this venerable mansion, and to make a festival for a circle of friends, in honour of Milton, the most perfect scholar, as well as the sublimest poet, that our country ever produced. Such an honour will be less splendid, but more sincere and respectful, than all the pomp and ceremony on the banks of the Avon.

I have the honour, &c.

XII.

*To C. Reviczki.**

Nice, Feb. 4, 1770.

THE date of my letter will not fail to surprise you ; for I do not write from the plains through which the Thames or Isis, so justly dear to me, glides, but from the foot of the Alps, and in front of the Ligurian sea.

I have resided in this delightful little spot nearly three months ; it was not possible, therefore, for me to receive your two most acceptable letters, dated in September and January, before my departure from England : I have read them with singular pleasure, to which their length did not a little contribute. You cannot conceive my anxiety to peruse your Treatise on the Military Art of the Turks : it is, I understand, deposited in lord Spencer's house in London ; but I expect to receive a copy by the first vessel which sails from England to this port, and I will take care that the three remaining copies shall be safely and expeditiously de-

* Written in Latin. Towards the end of the year 1769, Mr. Jones accompanied the family of lord Spencer in a journey to the continent : the following letter describes his occupations and reflections during this journey.

livered to your friends, and if yours, mine also, although I do not even know them by sight.

The approbation which your work has received in Germany, delights, without surprising me. It was first mentioned to me by a nobleman of that country, apparently a man of taste and amiable manners, who holds, I believe, a public office at Milan; and he promised not only to send it to me, but to inform me of your health, and where to address you—a promise which gave me the greatest satisfaction; for I suspected (forgive the injustice of the suspicion) that I no longer retained a place in your remembrance, and, in consequence, despaired of hearing from you, unless I first wrote to you. In this suspense, I received your two most welcome letters, with fourteen odes: they are not only worthy of the lyre, but the lyre to which they are sung, ought to be of gold. I am indeed proud of your condescension in asking my opinion of them, as I can by no means think myself entitled to such an honour. I will however make my remarks upon them as well as I can, and return them to you, when I receive an answer to this letter; for I should be sorry to trust such precious writings to the uncertain conveyance of the post.

This letter will probably reach you in a fortnight, and I beg you to gratify me by an early acknowledgment of it; for I assure you, with great truth, that nothing can give me more pleasure than a letter from you, however hasty. You perhaps wish to know how I employed my time after your departure from England: a short explanation will suffice. Amongst other occupations, I revised and

corrected my Commentaries on Oriental Poetry; and when I was preparing an accurate transcription of the manuscript for your perusal, I was unexpectedly interrupted by a business of more importance.*

* * * * *

I had scarcely brought this work to a conclusion, when, in consequence of the sudden indisposition of the younger sister of my pupil (who frequently talks of you), her father determined to pass the winter with his family in Italy, or the south of France: I was therefore under the necessity of intrusting my history (as the king of Denmark was anxious for its publication) to a Frenchman, upon whose accuracy I could depend, for correcting the errors of the press. I have just learned from him, that the work is printed; and I will take care that not even his Danish majesty shall receive a copy of it before you. Having thus left England, we repaired to Paris; and after rather a tedious residence there, we proceeded with great rapidity by the Rhone to Lyons, and, from that place, continued our journey by Marseilles, Frejus, and Antibes, to Nice,

Where Spring in all her charms perpetual reigns,
And banish'd Winter flies the blooming plains.

Even here we shall remain longer than I wish; but I hope to return to England by the beginning

* The business here alluded to, is the translation of the Life of Nadir Shah, which was made by Mr. Jones, at the desire of the king of Denmark.

of June. I propose, however, if I should have an opportunity, to cross the sea about the middle of this month, and visit Florence, that celebrated colony of the Triumviri, and the cradle of reviving literature; as well as Rome, the nurse of all elegant arts; and perhaps Naples; but on this plan you shall hereafter know my determination. You may perhaps inquire, what are my occupations at this place? I will tell you in few words: music, with all its sweetness and feeling; difficult and abstruse problems in mathematics; the beautiful and sublime in poetry and painting; these occupy all my senses and thoughts: nor do I neglect the study of the military art, which it would be the greatest disgrace to an English gentleman not to be acquainted with. I have written much in my native language, and, amongst other things, a little tract on Education, in the manner of Aristotle, that is, the analytic manner. I have moreover begun a tragedy, to which I have given the title of Soliman, whose most amiable son perished miserably, as you know, by the treachery of a step-mother: the story is full of the most affecting incidents, and has more sublimity even than the tragedies of Æschylus, as it abounds with Oriental images. I send you translations of two odes—one from Hafez, the other from a very ancient Arabic poet; but I have adapted the images of the latter to the Roman manners: and I fill the remainder of the paper with a Greek epigram, in imitation of a little English song.—Farewell. You shall have your papers as soon as I am informed that you have received this letter.

XIII.

*To Nathanael Brassey Halhed.**

Nice, March 1, 1770.

I RECEIVED your short letter with great pleasure, as it convinced me, that you were not insensible of my esteem for you, and such as resemble you. I wrote immediately to my friends, as you desired, most earnestly requesting them to promote your views, as if my own interest were concerned; if they accede to my wishes in this respect, they will oblige me and themselves too; for doubtless I shall be ready to make them every return that I can. I think, however, that I shall have it in my power to serve you more effectually, after my return to England; and I beg you to believe, that no inclination or efforts, on my part, shall ever be wanting to promote your wishes.

My health is good; but I long for those enjoyments, of which I know not well how to bear the privation. When I first arrived here, I was delighted with a variety of objects, rarely, if ever, seen in my own country—olives, myrtles, pomegranates, palms, vineyards, aromatic plants, and a surprising variety

* Written in Latin.

of the sweetest flowers, blooming in the midst of winter. But the attraction of novelty has ceased ; I am now satiated, and begin to feel somewhat of disgust. The windows of our inn are scarcely thirty paces from the sea ; and, as Ovid beautifully says,

Tired, on the uniform expanse I gaze.

I have, therefore, no other resource, than, with Cicero, to count the waves, or, with Archimedes and Archytas, to measure the sands. I cannot describe to you how weary I am of this place, nor my anxiety to be again at Oxford, where I might jest with you, or philosophize with Poore. If it be not inconvenient, I wish you would write to me often, for I long to know how you and our friends are ; but write, if you please, in Latin, and with gaiety ; for it grieves me to observe the uneasiness under which you appear to labour. Let me ever retain a place in your affection, as you do in mine ; continue to cultivate polite literature ; woo the Muses ; reverence philosophy ; and give your days and nights to composition, with a due regard, however, to the preservation of your health.

XIV.

*To C. Reviczki.**

Nice, April, 1770.

It is impossible to describe my vexation at not hearing from you; and I can only conclude that you have not received my letter of February, or, what would be more unpleasant, that your letter has miscarried; or finally, what I dread even to suspect, that I no longer retain a place in your remembrance. I have written to you from this place, not (as Cicero says to Luceius) a very fine epistle, but one that I cannot but think would be acceptable to you, because it was very long, and contained, besides, much information respecting myself. After a sufficient time for the receipt of an answer, which I most anxiously expected, I daily inquired if there were any letters from Vienna;—none, none, was the reply day after day. My anxiety and uneasiness at this disappointment daily increased; and nearly two months are now elapsed without a line from you. What can I do? or what shall I devise? I fear to trust your papers, which you desired me to return,

* Written in Latin.

to a conveyance so hazardous as the post; although I am persuaded it will be inconvenient for you to be so long without them: but although I cannot venture to send them before I hear from you, I enclose my remarks, which you may throw into the fire, if you do not like them: they are, as you seemed to wish, somewhat hypercritical, and perhaps too severe.

Your Treatise on the Military Art of the Turks delighted me exceedingly; nothing can be more useful or opportune. As I cannot depend upon this letter reaching you, I write but little, having no wish to talk to the winds, and risk the loss of time, which I can better employ. I expect to leave this town about the middle of the month. My proposed Italian expedition is deferred to a future period. Farewell, my Charles, and remember me, as I do you. After my return to England, I will write to you frequently, and my letters shall be longer and more cheerful.

XV.

*To C. Reviczki.**

(Date erased.)

ALTHOUGH I cannot possibly receive an answer to my letter before I leave this place, I will not have to reproach myself for neglecting an opportunity of writing to you. I concur most heartily in your sentiments on the pleasures of travelling, as on all other subjects: nothing, in my opinion, can be more useful or more delightful. How much more agreeable would my journey be, if I could make Vienna a part of it, where I might enjoy your conversation, philosophize with you, trifle away an idle hour, or explore with you the hidden treasures of poetry. As I am deprived of this happiness, I shall take the liberty of saying something not so favourable of the pleasures which I actually enjoy. I am disgusted with the odious rattle of French gaiety; and the calm serenity of an Italian sky has something gloomy in it. I am so much in love with myself, *i. e.* so much beside myself, that in my own eyes I appear more worthy of your friendship than ever. You cannot conceive how

• Written in Latin.

different I am from what you knew me in England. I was then young and thoughtless ; now I devote myself wholly to polite literature ; and the great objects of my ambition, are virtue, fame, and, above all, your friendship ; objects than which nothing can be more divine, estimable, or dear to me. That I may not altogether write an *unlettered letter*, I send you a Greek version of an English epigram : it was composed, in a calm night, by a friend of mine, and I translated it at his request. I think it will please you, as it appears to have an affinity to the style of Meleager, and other poets in the Anthologia.

XVI.

To Lady Spencer.

Nice, April 14, 1770.

It is with great pleasure that I acquaint your ladyship, that Mrs. Poyntz, Lady Harriet, and her brother are perfectly well : Mrs. Poyntz goes this morning to Villa Franca ; I am to be her knight, and am just equipped to mount my Rosinantè ; Mademoiselle Annette is to go upon Lady Mary Somerset's ass ; so we shall make a formidable procession : it is a delightful morning, and I hope Mrs. Poyntz will be pleased with her jaunt. We have had very bad wea-

ther; violent rains and storms of thunder in the night, a close sultry heat all day, and a very sharp cold every evening; but the spring seems now to be pretty well settled; and I fancy we shall have a continually clear sky, and a mild air, as long as we stay. We all promise ourselves great pleasure in our journey homewards; and we have great reason to believe it will be enchantingly pleasant.— I have every day more and more reason to be pleased with the unfolding of my pupil's disposition; your ladyship will perhaps think these to be words of course, and what you might naturally expect from any other person in my situation; but, believe me, I say them upon no other motive than their truth; for if it were my nature to speak to any one what I do not think, I should at least speak truly to your ladyship, of whom I am, with the greatest truth,

The obliged and grateful humble servant,

WILLIAM JONES.

XVII.

To Lady Spencer.

Paris, 4th June, 1770.

YOUR ladyship will be surprised at receiving such a parcel of papers from me ; but I am willing to make amends for not writing all last month. The truth is, I had nothing particular to say at that time ; but, on my arrival at Paris, I found a letter from my friend Reviczki, with a very spirited ode composed by him on the marriage of the archduchess. I dare say lord Spencer will like it, and I therefore take the liberty to enclose it for him. I have also sent with it the baron's letter to me, which will serve as a comment upon many parts of the ode. You will have heard of the shocking accidents that happened here the night of the fire-works : above one hundred and thirty people were killed ; and several people of fashion were crushed to death in their carriages. We had the good fortune to arrive here two days after this dreadful catastrophe ; which perhaps has saved some of us, if not from real danger, at least from the apprehension of it. We shall not be sorry to see England again, and hope to have that pleasure very soon. Soon after my return, I think of going to Oxford for a short time : but if

lord Althorpe goes back to school this summer, (as I sincerely hope he will) I shall not go to college till August; for I am convinced that a public school has already been, and will continue to be, of the highest advantage to him in every respect. While Mrs. Poyntz stayed at Lyons, I made an excursion to Geneva, in hopes of seeing Voltaire, but was disappointed: I sent him a note, with a few verses, implying that the Muse of Tragedy had left her ancient seat in Greece and Italy, and had fixed her abode on the borders of a lake, &c. He returned this answer: "The worst of French poets and philosophers is almost dying; age and sickness have brought him to his last day; he can converse with nobody, and entreats Mr. Jones to excuse and pity him. He presents him with his humble respects." But he was not so ill as he imagined; for he had been walking in his court, and went into his house just as I came to it. The servants showed me somebody at a window, who they said was he; but I had scarce a glimpse of him. I am inclined to think that Voltaire begins to be rather serious, when he finds himself upon the brink of eternity; and that he refuses to see company, because he cannot display his former wit and sprightliness. I find my book* is published: I am not at all solicitous about its success: as I did not choose the subject myself, I am not answerable for the wild extravagance of the style, nor for the faults of the original; but if your ladyship takes the trouble to read the dissertation at the end, you may

* Translation of the Life of Nadir Shah.

perhaps find some new and pleasing images. The work has one advantage—it is certainly authentic. Lady Georgiana is so good as to inquire how Soliman goes on;* pray tell her he is in great affliction, as he begins to suspect the innocence of Mustapha, who is just slain. To be serious, my tragedy is just finished; and I hope to show it to your ladyship in a short time.

I am, &c.

WILLIAM JONES.

De La Fontaine is with us: he seems very well, but is still weak and complaining. I must add a little stroke of French courage, which I have just heard. In the midst of all the disasters of the fireworks, the *maréchal de Richelieu* was in such a panic, that he got out of his carriage, and screamed out, “*Est-ce qu’on veut laisser périr un maréchal de France? N’y a-t il personne pour secourir un maréchal de France?*”—This will be an eternal joke against him!

* He here alludes to a tragedy entitled *Soliman*, which he was then writing.

XVIII.

*To C. Reviczki.**

Spa, July, 1770.

WHAT an idle, unsettled fellow I am ! I fly over Europe, scarcely stopping any where. We passed the winter at Nice, enjoyed the spring in France, and I am now spending the summer (if this rainy season may be so called) on the borders of Germany. I certainly can, without any risk, send your manuscripts from this place ; and I advise you by all means to publish them : they are worthy of your acknowledged talents, and will insure you the applause of all the learned. I say this without flattery, which is indeed foreign to my character. The criticisms which I sent to you are full of errors, and you must receive them with great allowance ; for, during my residence at Nice, I was wholly without ancient books, or other aids, to which I am in the habit of applying ; nor do I now possess them.

I have received your French letter, with an incomparable ode : I was particularly charmed with that happy transition in it—

• Written in Latin.

O'er kindred, or o'er friendship's bier,
Affection pours a transient tear :—
Soon flies the cloud ; the solar rays
Disperse the gloom, and brighter blaze.

Believe me, when I read these lines, I could scarcely restrain my tears ; for nature has that power over me, that I am more affected by the beauties of a tender simplicity, than by the loftiest figures of poetry ; and hence I am more delighted with a passage in the first Pythian ode of the divine Pindar, concerning the Muses, than by his elaborate description of the eagle and *Ætna*.

What shall I send in return for your present ? Accept the accompanying ode, which is at least valuable for its antiquity. You will perhaps smile ; it is not an epithalamium on the marriage of Antoinette, the dauphiness, but contains the eulogium of a very ancient Chinese monarch, whose name, though a monosyllable only, I have forgotten. When I read the works of Confucius, translated by Couplet and others, I was struck with admiration at the venerable dignity of the sentiments, as well as at the poetical fragments, which adorn the discourses of that philosopher. They are selected from the most ancient records of Chinese poetry, and particularly from a work entitled *Shi-king*, of which there is a fine copy in the royal library at Paris. I immediately determined to examine the original : and referring to the volume, after a long study, I succeeded in comparing one of the odes with the version of Couplet, and analysed every word, or more properly, every figure in it. Of this ode, I

now send you a literal translation : * it is a composition of a wonderful dignity and brevity ; each verse contains four words only ; hence the ellipsis is frequent in it, and the obscurity of the style adds to its sublimity. I have annexed a poetical version, making every verse correspond with the sense of Confucius : you will judge whether I have succeeded or not ; it will be sufficient for me if it please you. You know that this philosopher, whom I may venture to call the Plato of China, lived about six hundred years before the Christian æra, and he quotes this ode as very ancient in his time : it may therefore be considered as a most precious gem of antiquity, which proves, that poetry has been the admiration of all people in all ages, and that it every where adopts the same images. I must say a few words upon another work, lest my long letter of February, containing a particular account of it from first to last, should have miscarried. I allude to the translation of the Life of Nadir Shah, from Persian into French, a most disagreeable task, which I undertook at the request of my Augustus, the king of Denmark, who, I doubt not, will verify the high expectations entertained of him in Europe. It was his special injunction, that the translation should be strictly literal ; that I should supply such notes as might be necessary ; and, finally, that I should add a short dissertation on the poetry of the

* This account of his success in deciphering an ode of Confucius, is a remarkable proof of his ardour for universal literature, and of his invincible application in the pursuit of it.

Persians. I finished this tiresome work to the best of my ability, and with such expedition, in compliance with the importunities of his majesty, that the whole book, and more particularly the dissertation, is full of errors. In the latter, I ventured to insert a translation of ten odes of Hafez, from a very splendid but incorrect manuscript, and without the aid of any commentary. I have written to the under secretary of state, requesting him to send you a copy of it as expeditiously as possible; and I trust he will not disappoint me. Excuse those errors, which I could not perhaps have avoided, if I had possessed the greatest leisure, and which the total want of it made almost inevitable. Excuse also the insertion of the two odes, which you sent to me with a French translation only; and, lastly, I must beg your excuse for the liberty which I could not avoid taking, of mentioning my friend; for I could not resist the desire of letting the king know how highly I valued you. You will greatly add to the other proofs I have experienced of your kindness towards me, by noticing the errors of the work, and particularly of the dissertation, which I mean to publish in a separate volume.

The king of Denmark, as I am informed, approves my work much, and has some honours in view for me; but of what nature I know not. When he was considering what recompence he should bestow upon me, a noble friend of mine informed his majesty, that I neither wished for nor valued money, but was anxious only for some honorary mark of his approbation.

I have directed a copy of your Treatise on the
VOL. I. D

Military Art of the Turks to be sent to his majesty, because it is worthy his perusal, and because you are the author of it. Do not suppose that I now conclude, because I have nothing more to say: my mind, in truth, overflows with matter, and I have more difficulty in restraining my pen, than to find topics for writing: but I will not abuse and exhaust your patience with my loquacity. For my sake, take care of your health.

XIX.

*From C. Reviczki.**

Vienna, August 9, 1770.

INDEED, my dear sir, I cannot think you much to be pitied, for having passed a year in travelling through various climates and regions; on the contrary, I think it extremely fortunate that you have had an opportunity which you are well qualified to improve. You have escaped the severity of winter in the mild and temperate climate of Italy; you have enjoyed the spring in France and England; and you are

* Written in French.

now spending the summer on the confines of Germany, in a place which is the general rendezvous of Europe, and where you may see, at a glance, an assemblage of various nations. Is not this delightful? Is not the great advantage of travelling, to explore the characters of different people? I can, however, easily conceive the inconvenience which a man of letters must suffer from the want of means and opportunity to pursue his studies, and this alone is sufficient to diminish the pleasure of it.

I am exceedingly obliged to you for the extraordinary composition with which you favoured me; it is indeed a literary curiosity. But pray inform me when you learned the Chinese language. I did not suspect that this was one of your accomplishments; but there are no bounds to your acquisitions as a linguist. I am the more delighted with this little performance, as I can rely upon it as a faithful translation from the Chinese language, of which the few things we have translated, appear very suspicious: it has not only the merit of being very ancient, but, in your version, appears even elegant. I impatiently expect your life of Nadir Shah; and I beg you to accept my thanks for your attention, in requesting the under secretary of state to forward a copy of it to me; nor am I less anxious to peruse the essay which you have annexed to it, on Oriental Poetry. I admire your condescension in submitting this work to my criticism: you must be sensible that you incur little risk by it, and that you are sure of my approbation; I shall however be obliged to point out one fault, which is no trifle—your mentioning me in such honourable terms. I

have no claim to this distinction, although, if I had foreseen your intention, I would have at least exerted myself to deserve it. There are several of our Vienna ladies and gentlemen now at Spa, who are all well worthy of your acquaintance. I am informed that lady Spencer is an intimate friend of the princess Esterhazy; she can introduce you to the acquaintance of an amiable and respectable lady, who knows how to estimate the value of persons of merit. I have nothing at present worth troubling you with; I reserve this pleasure for a future opportunity; and, in the mean time, am, with great respect and veneration,

Your very humble servant,

REVICZKI.

XX.

*From C. Reviczki.**

Vienna, Oct. 16, 1770.

ALTHOUGH your last letter gives me no information of your intended destination after your departure from Spa, I conclude, from your very silence, that you are now in London. This opinion is confirmed by the late receipt of your letter. I was deprived of the pleasure of hearing from you during my excursion into Hungary; nor did your letter reach me till after my return to Vienna, long subsequent to its date, and when the subject of it was in fact obsolete. Most sincerely do I hope that your wishes may be gratified; and that, after so much travelling, I may have the pleasure of seeing you at Vienna.

The French are light and frivolous, the Italians effeminate and enervate, and the Germans may perhaps be dull and morose: yet they are not on this account to be despised; for if nature has not endowed them with the more elegant qualities, they possess what is more valuable, and win the

* Written in Latin.

affections of strangers by plain dealing and simplicity of manners.

I give this testimony to the character of the Germans, without partiality, for I am as much a stranger in Germany as I lately was in England ; and no one, at all acquainted with the character and country of the Germans and Hungarians, can possibly consider them the same ; for they are not only dissimilar in disposition, language, and manners, but in their very nature. I will not, however, dissemble, but candidly confess the truth—that my way of life here is extremely pleasant ; nor have I any doubt, that you, who are so accurate a judge of mankind, will one day readily subscribe to my opinion of this nation.

I smile at your declaration that you are changed, and that you hope to be more agreeable to me, from having renounced youthful gratifications, and devoted yourself to the cultivation of literature and the pursuit of virtue ; for my own part, I only wish to find you again precisely the same as when I knew and admired you in England, faultless and irreproachable. I confess, indeed, that what I particularly valued in you, was the happy talent of blending pleasure and recreation with the most intense study and thirst for literature.

Take care, however, that you do not suffer the ardour of application to deprive you of the gratifications of life, sufficiently brief in their own nature : they are indeed so connected with literature, that the wise and the learned only are qualified for the true enjoyment of them. Take care, also, that

you have not hereafter reason to complain, in the words of Horace,

Ah why, while slighted joys I vainly mourn—

Why will not youth, with youthful thoughts, return?

The chastity of the Muses, and their enmity to Venus, is a mere fable adapted to fiction; “for poetry delights to repose on downy pillows.” I now turn to another subject. I have not yet received your translation of the Persian manuscript which you promised me, and which indeed you seem to have sent: what has delayed its arrival, I know not, and will trouble you to inquire about it.

I have read again and again the beautiful English song, with your elegant translation of it in two languages, and I am delighted with it. I wonder, however, that you are so little satisfied with the Latin version of it, with which I am highly pleased.

XXI.

*To C. Reviczki.**

March 17, 1771.

A PLAGUE on our men in office, who for six months have amused me with idle promises, which I see no prospect of their fulfilling, that they would forward my books, and a letter to you! They say, that they have not yet had an opportunity; and that the apprehension of a Spanish war (which is now no more) furnishes them with incessant occupation. I have, however, so much to say to you, that I can no longer delay writing; I wish, indeed, I could communicate it in person. On my late return to England, I found myself entangled, as it were, in a variety of important considerations. My friends, companions, relations, all attacked me with urgent solicitations, to banish poetry and Oriental literature for a time, and apply myself to oratory and the study of the law; in other words, to become a barrister, and pursue the track of ambition. Their advice, in truth, was conformable to my own inclinations; for the only road to the highest stations in this country is that of the law;

* Written in Latin.

and I need not add, how ambitious and laborious I am. Behold me then become a lawyer, and expect, in future, that my correspondence will have somewhat more of public business in it: but if it ever should be my fortune to have any share in administration, you shall be my Atticus, the partner of my plans, the confidant of my secrets. Do not, however, suppose, that I have altogether renounced polite literature. I intend shortly to publish my English poems; and I mean to bring my tragedy of Soliman on the stage, when I can find proper actors for the performance of it. I intend also composing an epic poem, on a noble subject, under the title of Britanneis: but this I must defer until I have more leisure, with some degree of independence. In the mean time I amuse myself with the choicest of the Persian poets; and I have the good fortune to possess many manuscripts, which I have either purchased or borrowed from my friends, on various subjects, including history, philosophy, and some of the most celebrated poetry of Persia.

I am highly delighted with Jami's poem of Yusef and Zuleika: it contains somewhat more than four thousand couplets, each of which is a star of the first brilliance. We have six copies of this work at Oxford, one of which is correct; it has the vowel points, and is illustrated with the notes of Golius. I also possess a copy, which, as soon as I have leisure, I will print. Let me ask, in the mean time, how you are employed? Do you continue your occupation of elucidating your favourite Hafez? I will most willingly give all the assistance in my power to the publication of your work, if you will have it printed in London; but

I scarcely think that any printer will undertake it at his own expense, unless the poems are accompanied with an English or French translation; for you cannot conceive how few English gentlemen understand Latin. Let me recommend to you, therefore, to give a literal version of Hafez in French, with annotations in the same language; and this I think will be more acceptable even to your own countrymen, than a Latin translation; though indeed you may annex to your work such odes as you have translated into that language. The new edition of Meninski goes on tolerably well. I enclose a specimen of the new Arabic types, and earnestly beg your opinion upon them, that any defects may be corrected as soon as possible. I have had a copper-plate engraving made of one of the odes of Hafez, and may, perhaps, when my circumstances afford it, print an edition of Jami's whole poem in the same manner. A work of this kind, on silken paper, would, I doubt not, be very acceptable to the governor of Bengal, and the other principal persons in India. I cannot conceive what is become of the book which I sent to you; but I will take the first opportunity of transmitting a fairer and more correct copy, together with my little Treatise on the Literature of Asia, and my Grammar of the Persian Language, which is printed with some degree of elegance; and I earnestly entreat you to tell me, if any thing is wrong in it, or any thing omitted, that the next edition may be more perfect. I only wait for leisure to publish my Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry.

Do not however imagine that I despise the usual enjoyments of youth; no one can take more de-

light in singing and dancing than I do, nor in the moderate use of wine, nor in the exquisite beauty of the ladies, of which London affords an enchanting variety; but I prefer glory, my supreme delight, to all other gratifications, and I will pursue it through fire and water, by day and by night. O my Charles! (for I renounce all ceremony, and address you with ancient simplicity), what a boundless scene opens to my view! If I had two lives, I should scarcely find time for the due execution of all the public and private projects which I have in mind!

XXII.

*To D. B.**

London, April, 1771.

YOUR Persian book is more valuable than the costliest jewel. Meninski, that universal scholar, has a copy exactly like yours, and he describes it in his usual manner, that is, inelegantly, and in miserable Latin. From his description, you may however estimate the real excellence of your book. I shall beg leave to say something more about it myself;

* Written in Latin.

and, as a poet, venture to affirm, that the six most beautiful poems in the volume are far more valuable for their intrinsic merit, than for the elegance of the characters in which they are written, or for the glowing tints of the pictures which adorn them.

The author of these poems was the very celebrated Nezami, who assumed the name of Kenjavi: he flourished towards the close of the twelfth century, and was the favourite of that illustrious warrior and patron of literature, Togrul, the son of Erslan.

The book comprises five poems, the last of which is divided into two parts: the first, which is entitled, *The Treasury of Secrets*, contains many fables, and various discourses on moral duties and human affairs: Nushirovan, king of Persia, who, towards the end of the sixth century, waged a successful war against the first Justin, and Justinian, are frequently introduced in it; Mohammed, the legislator of Arabia, was born during his reign, and praises him for his justice in the *Coran*. The Persian poets, Sadi, Hafez, Jami, and others, frequently extol his virtues, and one of them has this couplet:

For ages mingled with his parent dust,
Fame still records Nushirovan the Just.

The second poem commemorates the lives of a most amiable youth (named Mujnoon, or the Frantic, from his mad passion), and his mistress, the beautiful Leili. The loves of Khosro and the adorable Sherin, form the subject of the third poem. Khosro

was the twenty-third in descent from Sassan, and the grandson of Nushirovan. The fourth poem has the title of 'The Seven Figures, and recites the history of King Beharam, whom the Greeks, with their usual inaccuracy, call Varanes: but it more particularly describes his seven palaces, each of which is said to have been distinguished by a particular colour. In the fifth, we have the life and actions of Alexander: it is however to be remarked, that the Asiatics perpetually confound the Macedonian monarch with another and very ancient king of the same name, and blend their actions most ridiculously. Thus much about your book; and you may depend upon what I say as certain, and not conjectural. I sincerely rejoice, that St. John's college, at Cambridge, will possess this treasure by your gift; and I no less sincerely hope, that your own university will boast some future scholar, capable of thoroughly understanding the elegance of the charming Nezami. If any one wishes to obtain farther information respecting this poet, let him consult the pleasing work of Dowlut Shah of Samercand, on the lives of the Persian poets. I saw a beautiful manuscript of it at Paris.

Farewell.

XXIII.

To John Wilmot, Esq.

Univ. Coll. Oxford, June 3, 1771.

MY DEAR WILMOT,

It makes me very happy to hear that my lord chief justice does not retire on account of ill health, but from a motive which does him the highest honour. He will now enjoy the greatest happiness of human life, ease with dignity, after having passed through the most honourable labour without danger. I should think myself highly blessed, if I could pursue a similar course in my small sphere; and, after having raised a competency at the bar, could retire to the bowers of learning and the arts.

I have just begun to contemplate the stately edifice of the laws of England,—

The gather'd wisdom of a thousand years.

if you will allow me to parody a line of Pope. I do not see why the study of the law is called dry and unpleasant; and I very much suspect that it seems so to those only who would think any study unplea-

sant, which required a great application of the mind, and exertion of the memory. I have read most attentively the first two volumes of Blackstone's Commentaries, and the two others will require much less attention. I am much pleased with the care he takes to quote his authorities in the margin, which not only give a sanction to what he asserts, but point out the sources to which the student may apply for more diffusive knowledge. I have opened two common-place books, the one of the law, the other of oratory, which is surely too much neglected by our modern speakers: I do not mean the popular eloquence, which cannot be tolerated at the bar; but that correctness of style, and elegance of method, which at once please and persuade the hearer. But I must lay aside my studies for about six weeks, while I am printing my Grammar, from which a good deal is expected, and which I must endeavour to make as perfect as a human work can be. When that is finished, I shall attend the Court of King's Bench very constantly, and shall either take a lodging in Westminster, or accept the invitation of a friend in Duke-street, who has made me an obliging offer of apartments.

I am sorry the characters you sent me are not Persian, but Chinese, which I cannot decipher without a book, which I have not at present; but *tous Chinois qu'ils sont*, I shall be able to make them out, when the weather will permit me to sit in the Bodleian. In the mean time, I would advise you to inquire after a native of China, who is now in London; I cannot recollect where he lodges, but shall know when I come to town, which will be to-morrow or Saturday. I shall be at Richardson's

till my Grammar is finished, unless I can buy a set of chambers in the Temple, which I fear will be difficult. I will certainly call upon you in a day or two. On one of the Indian pictures at your house there was a beautiful copy of Persian verses, which I will beg leave to transcribe, and should be glad to print it, with a translation, in the Appendix to my Grammar. I have not yet had my Persian proposals engraved; but, when you write to your brother, you would much oblige me by desiring him to send me a little Persian manuscript, if he can procure it without much trouble. It is a small poem which I intend to print: we have six or seven copies of it at Oxford; but if I had one in my possession, it would save me the trouble of transcribing it: I have enclosed its title in Persian and English. I am very glad that your family are well: I wish them joy upon every occasion. My mother and sister desire their compliments to you; and I am, with great regard,

Yours, most affectionately,

WILLIAM JONES.

XXIV.

To Mr. Hawkins.

Nov. 5, 1771.

I SHALL ever gratefully acknowledge, dear sir, my obligation to you for the trouble you take in inspecting my trifles. Had Dryden and other poets met with such a friend, their poems would have been more polished, and consequently more fit to see the light. Your observations are so judicious, that I wish you had not been so sparing of them. I entirely approve of all your corrections, &c.

As to the years in which the poems were written, they are certainly of no consequence to the public; but (unless it be very absurd), I would wish to specify them; for it would hurt me as a student at the bar, to have it thought that I continue to apply myself to poetry; and I mean to insinuate that I have given it up for several years, which I must explain more fully in the preface: for a man who wishes to rise in the law, must be supposed to have no other object.*

* The small volume of poems here alluded to, consisting chiefly of translations from the Asiatic language, was published in 1772. We may smile at the solicitude which Mr.

XXV.

*To C. Reviczki.**

Oxford, Dec. 1771.

THIRTEEN months, or rather, I may say years, have elapsed, without a line from my friend! I have, however, written to you twice; once and very fully in Latin, last March, and again in July, in a great hurry, in French. These letters contained a detailed account of my occupations and views, of the profession which I had adopted, and of the splendid objects to which I ambitiously looked forward. You have, I trust, received my four books, which Mr. Whitchurch, chaplain to our ambassador, at my request, promised to deliver to you at Vienna. I recommend him to your particular attention, as a young man of an excellent disposition, and very fond of literature. This will be presented to you by Mr. Drummond, a man of letters, who proceeds to Vienna for the purpose of studying physic. You know that the medical profession is

Jones expresses, to avoid the imputation of devoting to the Muses that time which belonged to his professional studies.

* Written in Latin.

held in the highest estimation with us ; and, as Homer says,

A wise physician high distinction claims,

your reception of them both will, I hope, do credit to my recommendation.

I beg your acceptance also of a little Philippic, which I wrote against an obscure coxcomb, who had the audacity to abuse our university, not with impunity, I trust, if the edge of my discourse have any effect upon the senseless knave. “ I have disquieted” (as Cicero says of his Commentaries), “ the French nation.” * How goes on Hafez, our mutual delight? Shall we never see your translation of his charming odes? Tell me, if you like my English version of the second ode? † it has been favourably received by my own countrymen. I should like to translate several more of his odes, but I want leisure.

I have not yet found any translator capable of doing justice to your Treatise on the Military Art of the Turks. All agree that your preface is both learned and elegant ; but they urge, as you yourself remark in the introduction, that the book does not correspond with its title—The Principles of the Science of Government.

The original of this work in the Turkish language, with many others printed at Constantinople, including a most beautiful copy of the Odes of

* This was a letter in French addressed to M. Anquetil du Perron, and printed in 1771.

† See Sir W. Jones's Works, vol. ii. p. 244.

Mesihi, are deposited in the library of our Royal Society. I beg to be informed, if all the works published by Ibrahim, which you so much commend, are to be purchased in Germany, Hungary, or the eastern parts of Turkey; as, in that case, I should wish to procure them.

What news from Turkey? no mention of peace? Whenever the war with Russia is at an end, I propose making an open and direct application for the office of minister at Constantinople; at present, I can only privately whisper my wishes. The king is very well disposed towards me; so perhaps are the men in power; and the Turkish Company wish much to oblige me: all that I have to apprehend, is the appearance of some powerful competitor, who may drive me off the stage. If I should succeed in my wishes, how shall I bound for joy! First, I shall enjoy your company at Vienna, then I shall drink deep of Asiatic literature, and I shall explore the Turkish manners in their most hidden sources. If I am disappointed, philosophy remains; the bar is open; and I shall not, I trust, want employment; for the harvest of litigation is always abundant. I shall apply to the study of eloquence, to poetry, history, and philosophy, each of which, if properly cultivated, would occupy a complete life of

Such men as live in these degenerate days.

I could say much more, but I yield to the imperious summons (not of Proserpine, I hope, but) of the goddess, if there be one, who presides over our tri-

burials. You may expect longer letters in future from me : and, in the mean time, I hope to hear very fully from you.

Farewell, my dear friend.

XXVI.

To Mr. Hawkins.

Westminster, Jan. 16, 1772.

As I have a frank directed to you, I take the liberty to enclose a letter for my mother, which I beg you will be so kind as to send to her. I have nothing at present to say on the subject of my publication, except that you will be so good as to send me the sheets of the Essays, under cover, to Mr. Brudenell, lest there should be any thing that may be altered. I entreat you also to criticise my prose, as you have done my verse, and to reprimand me severely, where you find it stiff, forced, or obscure. I forgot to mention another respectable scholar, who saw and approved my poems ; I mean the present bishop of St. Asaph,* whose learning, to say a great deal, is as extensive as his virtues are ami-

* The Rev. Dr. Shipley, whose daughter Mr. Jones afterwards married.

able. Dr. Warton, of Winchester, is another excellent critic, through whose hands my trifles shall pass before they see the light : I have dined with him at sir Joshua Reynolds's, where he paid me a compliment before the whole company, which I cannot write without blushing : he said, my Greek poems, which he had seen in manuscript, were worthy of ancient Greece. I dare say this learned and ingenious man will suffer me to send him a copy of the poems at Winchester, and that he will make his remarks very sincerely. When I have collected the criticisms of these gentlemen, I will compare them, and add my corrections at the end, under the title of emendations, as Pope has inserted his alterations in the text of his poems, and set down the variations, or first readings, in the margin. I think it will be better (as we must not lose the season for publication) to send the copies to my friends, as soon as the trifle on Chess is printed, and to show them the prose afterwards.

My Turkish History will go to the press on Monday.* Lord Radnor has given me leave, in the most flattering terms, to inscribe it to him.

I have a notion I shall be a great talker when I am at the bar ; for I cannot take up my pen without filling three sides of paper, though I have nothing to say when I sit down.

I am, &c.

* Whether the Turkish History here mentioned was ever finished, we are not informed : part of the original manuscript still remains.

XXVII.

*To Robert Orme, Esq.**

April, 1772.

It is impossible for me to describe the delight and admiration I have felt, from the perusal of your History of the War in India. The plans, circumstances, and events of it, are so clearly described by you, that I felt an interest in them rather as an actor than a reader. I was particularly pleased with your delineation of the lives and characters of those who had distinguished themselves by their actions or wisdom; nor was I less delighted with the elegance of your topographical descriptions: that of the Ganges particularly pleased me; it is absolutely a picture. I have remarked, that the more polished historians of all ages, as well as the poets, have been fond of displaying their talents in describing rivers. Thus Thucydides describes the Achelöus, and Xenophon the Teleboas, and both admirably, though in a different manner—the latter, with his usual brevity and elegance; the former with a degree of roughness and magnificence not uncommon to him. With respect to your style,

* Written in Latin.

if elegance consist in the choice and collocation of words, you have a most indubitable title to it; for you have, on all occasions, selected the most appropriate expressions, and have given to them the most beautiful arrangement; and this is almost the greatest praise which a composition can claim.

The publication of the second part of your History, which has been so long and earnestly looked for, will be highly acceptable to those whose opinions you respect; and I need not say, that it will add to your reputation. Indeed, it is not just, that the Coromandel coast only should receive the ornament of your pen, to the neglect of Bengal, which an Indian monarch pronounced “The delight of the world.”

XXVIII.

*From Dr. Hunt.**

DEAR SIR,

Ch. Church, Nov. 28, 1771.

I RECEIVED the welcome present of your excellent pamphlet against Perron † in due time, and yesterday I was favoured with your kind letter; for both

* Laudian professor of Arabic in the university of Oxford; who had been contemptuously spoken of by M. Du Perron.

† See Letter XXV.

which I return you my hearty thanks. I should have thanked you for your pamphlet sooner, but have been out of town. I have read it over and over again, and think the whole nation, as well as the university and its members, are much obliged to you for this able and spirited defence: I acknowledge myself to be so in a particular manner, and so does Mr. Swinton, who desires his compliments and thanks. But there is one thing which Mr. Swinton seems to doubt of, which is, whether there has been such a general destruction of the writings of the ancient Persians, as you imagine there has been. For my own part, till some better proof can be given of the authenticity of those books, which have been produced as the genuine compositions of that ancient people, than what I have yet seen given, I am inclined to be of your opinion. At least, this I am sure of; that if the books which Alexander, Omar, &c. destroyed, were no better than those which have been published, the world has had no great loss; witness the insufferable jargon which you have given from their writings in the 38th and 41st, &c. pages of your letter; to which, as this bulky performance of Perron* will be but

* Mons. Anquetil du Perron made a voyage to India, in 1755, for the purpose of acquiring the ancient language of Persia, and that of the Bramins. In a discourse addressed to the Asiatic Society at Calcutta, in 1789, sir William Jones speaks of him, as "having had the merit of undertaking a voyage to India in his earliest youth, with no other view than to recover the writings of Zeratust (Zoroaster), and who would have acquired a brilliant reputation in France, if he had not sullied it by his immoderate vanity and virulence of temper, which alienated the good-will even of his own countrymen."

in few hands, it may not perhaps be amiss to add some others : but, as Mr. Swinton has suggested that he has some doubts about the fate of the writings of the old Persians, I think you would do well to consult him, before you publish your English translation.

I am glad you intend to oblige the world with an English translation of your letter ; and if, among the anecdotes which Mr. Swinton sent you, you will be so good as to insert that, wherein he says, that he was present all the time that Perron was with me, but does not remember that I ever told him that I understood the ancient Persian language, I shall be much obliged to you. I am sure I never pretended, nor could pretend, to any farther knowledge of it, than that of the alphabet, as given by Dr. Hyde.

I am, &c.

THOMAS HUNT.

XXIX.

From Dr. Hunt.

DEAR SIR,

Ch. Church, March 2, 1774.

I RETURN you my hearty thanks for your most acceptable present of your excellent book on the Asiatic Poetry. I should have made you my acknowledgments for this great favour before, but I have been so entirely engaged in reading the book (which I have done from the beginning to the end), that I have not had time to think of its worthy author any otherwise, than by tacitly admiring, as I went along, his exquisitely fine parts, and wonderful learning. Indeed, so engaging is the beautiful style of this admirable performance, and so striking the observations it contains, that it is next to impossible for a person who has any taste for this branch of literature, when he has once taken it into his hand, to lay it aside again without giving it a thorough perusal. I find you have enriched this work with a great variety of curious quotations and judicious criticisms, as well as with the addition of several valuable new pieces, since you favoured me with a sight of it before, and the pleasure which I have now had in reading it has been in proportion. I hope this new key to the

Asiatic Poetry, with which you have obliged the world, will not be suffered to rust for want of use ; but that it will prove, what you intended it to be, a happy instrument in the hands of learned and inquisitive men, for unlocking the rich treasures of wisdom and knowledge which have been preserved in the Hebrew, Arabic, Persic, and the other Oriental languages ; and especially the Hebrew, that venerable channel, through which the sacred compositions of the divinely inspired poets have been conveyed down to us.

I hope this will find you well ; and am, &c.

THOMAS HUNT.

P. S. I have seen your proposals for printing the mathematical works of my worthy friend, your late father, and beg to be of the number of your subscribers.

XXX.

*To D. Frederico Perez Bayer.**

March, 1774.

I HAVE received a most elegant copy of your Treatise on the Phœnician Language and Colonies, and I am at a loss to decide whether it is most learned or entertaining. Although I fear, like Diomed, that I shall give you brass in exchange for your gold ; yet I send you, as a proof of my gratitude and esteem, my Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry ; and it will afford me great satisfaction to learn that they please you.

Farewell.

* A Spanish gentleman of great learning. The letter was written in Latin.

XXXI.

*From H. A. Schultens.**

To the phoenix of his time, and the ornament of the age—health!

Amsterdam, Sept. 1774.

WHEN I reflect, my dear Jones, upon the fortunate period which I passed in your happy island, I feel the most exquisite delight at the recollection of the pleasure and improvement which I derived from your society; at the same time, my anxiety for your company excites the most lively regret at our separation. If I cannot altogether conquer it, I can at least alleviate it, by corresponding with you.

Nothing but a variety of unusual occupations could have delayed my writing to you so long after my return to Amsterdam; I was moreover apprehensive of interrupting your studies by my intrusion. The receipt of the obliging present of your Commentaries† has removed all my fear on this account, and affords me a most agreeable proof of your remembrance. Accept my sincerest thanks

* Written in Latin.

† On Asiatic Poetry, published in 1774.

for your finished and most elegant work, which I have eagerly read again and again with admiration and astonishment.

As sincere a lover as yourself of the Muses, how much I regret their unhappy lot, that whilst they have so few admirers, one of their most distinguished votaries should be seduced from their service by the discordant broils of the bar! Do they not then possess such charms and graces, as to merit a preference to others, who have no portion but wealth and honour? Is not their beauty so attractive, their dress so elegant and enchanting—as to fascinate their admirers to a degree, which makes them despise all others, and feel no delight but in their society? Forgive, my dear Jones, this friendly expostulation.

Two or three copies only of your work have reached us: I beg you will not suffer the inattention of booksellers to deprive us of a larger supply. You will receive shortly a little inaugural discourse which I pronounced here, “On extending the limits of Oriental Literature.” It was done too much in haste to be as perfect as it ought to have been, and as I could have made it with more leisure. The office which I hold here is most agreeable to me, but is attended with this inconvenience—that the duties of it allow me no time for the pursuit of other studies; and the attention, which I am forced to bestow on grammatical institutions, on explanatory lectures on the Old Testament, and in disquisitions on the Jewish antiquities, precludes the perusal of Arabic, and still more of Persian authors. But I submit the more cheerfully to this restraint, as the assiduity of my present exertions will produce

more leisure in future; and when I have once committed to paper the mass of lectures which I have annually to repeat, I shall then be at full liberty to employ myself as I please. I have absolutely determined to publish Meidani, but it will require the labour of ten years: you well know, that without a competent knowledge, not only of the language of the East, but of Oriental history, ceremonies, and manners, it would be madness to attempt it. Whether my labours will ever have the assistance of a midwife, time must show. Professor Scheidius is employed in publishing Giewhari: the expense of the undertaking far exceeds his means; but he hopes to provide against this difficulty, by publishing one or more numbers annually, according to alphabetical arrangement; by which means the sale of each may furnish the expense of the succeeding.

I have nothing farther to communicate to you, but I most anxiously long to see you. If you have the ambition of your countryman, Banks, to expose yourself to the inclemency of winter by visiting me here, all my fear of the cold will be lost in the hope that a long and intense frost may detain you. Nothing, however, can give me more pleasure, either in winter or summer, than to have you for my guest. My wife, whom I married about five months since, is equally anxious to see a man, of whom she hears her husband perpetually talking; she, as well as my father, who received inexpressible delight in the perusal of your Commentaries, desires to be remembered to you: he entertains the highest respect and esteem for you. Let me know how you are, and whether your mother and sister are well. Do me the favour also to inform them, that

I shall ever remember with gratitude the obligations which I owe to their great politeness and attention to me. Consider me ever as the humble servant of yourself and friends.

Farewell, and love me ever.

P. S. I almost forgot to mention our Damascene prince : his name, I think, is Joseph Abas. I regret, that during his residence at this place, he only called upon me two days before his departure for Brussels. I was highly delighted with his liberal, manly, and truly Arabian spirit : neither did he appear deficient in polite literature ; but of this you are a better judge than I am. For my own part, I must ever retain a regard for a man, whose conversation so entertained and interested me under the attack of a fever, that it absolutely prevented the return of it.

XXXII.

*To H. A. Schultens.**

October, 1774.

I HAVE had the pleasure to receive your letter dated in September, which did not, however, reach me, till after my return to London from a summer excursion to the Kentish coast.

I am highly gratified by your father's and your approbation of my Commentaries, and I acknowledge the kindness of your friendly and polite expostulation, in telling me that you cannot bear to see me desert the cause of literature. But, my friend, the die is cast, and I have no longer a choice; all my books and manuscripts, with an exception of those only which relate to law and oratory, are locked up at Oxford; and I have determined, for the next twenty years at least, to renounce all studies but those which are connected with my profession. It is needless to trouble you with my reasons at length for this determination: I will only say, that if I had lived at Rome or Athens, I should have preferred the labours, stu-

* Written in Latin.

dies, and dangers of their orators and illustrious citizens, connected as they were with banishment and even death, to the groves of the poets, or the gardens of the philosophers. Here I adopt the same resolution. The constitution of England is in no respect inferior to that of Rome or Athens: this is my fixed opinion, which I formed in my earliest years, and shall ever retain. Although I sincerely acknowledge the charms of polite literature, I must at the same time adopt the sentiment of Neoptolemus in the tragedy, that we can philosophize with a few only; and no less the axiom of Hippocrates, that life is short, art long, and time swift. But I will also maintain the excellence and the delight of other studies. What! shall we deny that there is pleasure in mathematics, when we recollect Archimedes, the prince of geometricians, who was so intensely absorbed in the demonstration of a problem, that he did not discover Syracuse was taken? Can we conceive any study more important, than the single one of the laws of our own country? Let me recall to your recollection the observations of L. Crassus and Q. Scaevola on this subject, in the treatise of Cicero de Oratore. What! do you imagine the goddess of eloquence to possess less attraction than Thalia or Polyhymnia; or have you forgotten the epithets which Ennius bestows on Cethegus—the quintessence of eloquence, and the flower of the people? Is there a man existing, who would not rather resemble Cicero (whom I wish absolutely to make my model, both in the course of his life and studies), than be like Varro, however learned, or

Lucretius, however ingenious as a poet? If the study of the law were really unpleasant and disgusting, which is far from the truth, the example of the wisest of the ancients, and of Minerva herself, the goddess of wisdom, and protectress of Athens, would justify me in preferring the fruitful and useful olive to the barren laurel.

To tell you my mind freely, I am not of a disposition to bear the arrogance of men of rank, to which poets and men of letters are so often obliged to submit. Accept this friendly reply to your friendly expostulation; and believe my assurances, that I entertain the highest value for your esteem, of which I have received so many proofs. I most anxiously expect your dissertation. May the Almighty prosper your labours, and particularly your laborious task of Meidani! May the most learned Scheidius persevere with resolution in completing the gigantic work which he meditates! I admire his most laudable industry; but after the fate of Meninski (I do not speak of his works, but of his fortunes), no prudent man (for he that is not wise to himself is wise to no end) will venture to expose his vessel to the perils of shipwreck in so uncertain a sea. The work is worthy of a king, but the expense of it will require the revenue of a king.

My mother and sister cordially unite with me in congratulations on your marriage, and I beg you to make my compliments to your amiable consort, and most respectable father. I thank you for your invitation to Amsterdam, and assure you that I should be most happy to avail myself of it. In your

society, I should prefer a winter in Holland to the gardens of the Hesperides, nor indulge a wish for the vales of Tempè; but my legal occupations make the summer more convenient for travelling. I promise you therefore to pass some time with you in the July or August of the next or following year.

I rejoice to find you pleased with Joseph the Syrian, and equally so that he means to travel through Germany. His history is somewhat long. If I had not exerted myself in my application to some men of rank in London, who have access to the king, he must have passed a life of misery here, or have died most wretchedly.

The bookseller keeps for you the books which you desired to purchase. You cannot as yet have received a short letter which I wrote to you in July, and sent by a young gentleman of the name of Campbell. The son of the king of Spain, Prince Gabriel, did me the honour to send me a most splendid copy of his Sallust, for which I returned my grateful acknowledgments.

You have doubtless heard of the travels of Mr. Bruce, a native of Scotland, into Syria, Arabia, Abyssinia, Nubia, and Egypt. He is as well acquainted with the coast of the Red Sea, and the sources of the Nile, as with his own house. He has brought with him some Æthiopic manuscripts, and amongst them the prophecies of Enoch, an ancient book, but to be ranked only with the Sibylline oracles.

Whilst I was writing this letter, a person called upon me with a manuscript, which he had received at Venice from Mr. Montague, a man of family. I

immediately perceived it to be a most beautiful and correct copy of Motanabbi, with a letter addressed to myself in Arabic verse, from some person named Abdurrahman, whom Mr. Montague had probably seen in Asia. I owe great obligations to the politeness of the learned Arab, but I by no means think myself worthy of his exaggerated encomiums; but you know the pompous style of the Orientals. Do not suppose that I have any present intention of reading the poems of Motanabbi; that must be reserved for Oxford, when I have leisure to attend to this, and my other treasures of the same kind. Believe my assurance, that I entertain the highest esteem for you, and that nothing will give me greater pleasure than to hear from you frequently and at length. Take care of your health, and continue your regard for me.

XXXIII.

From Mr. Howard.

SIR,

Paris, September 13, 1774.

As my stay here may be considerably longer than I at first proposed, it is a duty incumbent on me to acquit myself of a charge committed to my care in the month of June last by Mr. Montague, at Venice, by transmitting to you the manuscript which accompanies this letter. I should indeed have sent it to you much sooner; but the hopes I had of an earlier return to England, was the cause of my postponing it, that I might myself have had the pleasure of delivering it, which I flattered myself might have served as an introduction to the honour of your acquaintance—a happiness which, without compliment, I have long been very ambitious of. But as my affairs are likely to detain me some time longer in this city, I cannot, with any propriety, prefer my own interest to a more material one; nor ought I longer to injure the public, by depriving them of the pleasure and advantage they may reap from this manuscript's coming to your hands. Mr. Montague loaded me with com-

pliments to you, meant as real testimonies of the esteem he has for you; which I am very unfortunate in not having the pleasure of delivering.

I have the honour to be, &c.

MID. HOWARD.

XXXIV.

To Mr. Howard.

SIR,

Oct. 4, 1774.

I CANNOT express how much I am flattered by the kind attention with which you honour me. I have just received your most obliging letter, with a fine Arabic manuscript, containing the works of a celebrated poet, with whom I have been long acquainted: this testimony of Mr. Montague's regard is extremely pleasing to me, and I have a most grateful sense of his kindness. I am conscious how little I have deserved the many honours I have lately received from the learned in Europe and Asia: I can ascribe their politeness to nothing but their candour and benevolence. I fear they will think me still less deserving, when they know that I have *deserted*, or rather *suspended*, all literary

pursuits whatever, and am wholly engaged in the study of a profession, for which I was always intended. As the law is a jealous science, and will not have any partnership with the Eastern Muses, I must absolutely renounce their acquaintance for ten or twelve years to come. This manuscript, however, is highly acceptable to me, and shall be preserved among my choicest treasures, till I have leisure to give it an attentive perusal. There is a compliment to me, written in Arabic verse, in the first leaf of the book, and signed Abdurrahman Beg: the verses are very fine, but so full of Oriental panygyric, that I could not read them without blushing. The present seems to come from the learned Arabian; but as he has not inserted my name in his verses, and speaks of Oxford, he must have heard me mentioned by Mr. Montague, to whom therefore I am equally indebted for the present. If I knew Mr. Montague's direction, I would send him a letter of thanks for his indulgence to me, and would also return my compliments in Arabic to his Asiatic friend, who seems to have sent the book. Before your return to England, I shall probably be removed to the Temple, where I shall wait impatiently for the pleasure of seeing you.

I am, &c.

WILLIAM JONES.

XXXV.

*From Mr. Waddilove.**

SIR,

St. Ildefonso, Aug. 1, 1774.

UPON my arrival at Madrid, I delivered your present of your Asiatic Commentaries to my friend Dr. Francisco Perez Bayer : he desires me to return you his compliments and thanks for your politeness to him, and begs your acceptance of a copy of the Infant Don Gabriel's Sallust, which he accordingly sent to me the night before we left Madrid. As we shall not be there again till next Christmas, I shall have no opportunity of forwarding it to you very soon : whenever any one offers, you may depend upon receiving it ; but as this probably will not be before next spring, I hope you will not defer acknowledging the favour till then. If you should wish to see the Sallust before you write again to Mr. Bayer, you will find a copy in the Museum. If you have had any time to examine the Dissertation upon the Phœnician language, &c. Dr. F. P. Bayer will be glad of any remarks upon it, as a new edition of it in Latin will soon be printed. He has a curious

* Now the Rev. Robert Darley Waddilove, D.D. dean of Ripon.

collection of Samaritan coins, and is now employed upon that subject; and if he could be prevailed upon to publish more of his inquiries into the antiquities of this and other countries, the learned world would be much indebted to him. Casiri is engaged at present in deciphering Moorish inscriptions, which have been found in different parts of Spain: some are already engraved, but not yet published. He reduces first the characters to the modern Arabic, and then gives a translation and comment in Latin. Your Sallust is unbound, and you have already the dissertation to add to it.

I am, &c.

R. D. WADDILOVE.

XXXVI.

*To F. P. Bayer.**

Oct. 4, 1774.

I CAN scarcely find words to express my thanks for your obliging present of a most beautiful and splendid copy of Sallust, with an elegant Spanish translation. You have bestowed upon me, a private untitled individual, an honour which heretofore has only been conferred upon great monarchs and illus-

* Written in Latin.

trious universities. I really was at a loss to decide, whether I should begin my letter by congratulating you on having so excellent a translator, or by thanking you for this agreeable proof of your remembrance. I look forward to the increasing splendour, which the arts and sciences must attain in a country, where the son of the king possesses genius and erudition capable of translating, and illustrating with learned notes, the first of the Roman historians : how few youths amongst the nobility, in other countries, possess the requisite ability or inclination for such a task ! The history of Sallust is a performance of great depth, wisdom, and dignity : to understand it well, is no small praise ; to explain it properly, is still more commendable ; but to translate it elegantly, excites admiration. If all this had been accomplished by a private individual, he would have merited applause ; if by a youth, he would have had a claim to literary honours ; but when to the title of youth, that of prince is added, we cannot too highly extol, or too loudly applaud, his distinguished merit.

Many years are elapsed since I applied myself to the study of your learned language, but I well remember to have read in it with great delight the heroic poem of Alonzo, the odes of Garcilasso, and the humorous stories of Cervantes : but I most sincerely declare, that I never perused a more elegant or polished composition than the translation of Sallust ; and I readily subscribe to the opinion of the learned author in his preface, that the Spanish language approaches very nearly to the dignity of the Latin.

May the accomplished youth continue to deserve

well of his country and mankind, and establish his claim to distinction above all the princes of the age! If I may be allowed to offer my sentiments, I would advise him to study most diligently the divine works of Cicero, which no man, in my opinion, ever perused without improving in eloquence and wisdom. The epistle which he wrote to his brother Quintus, on the government of a province, deserves to be daily repeated by every sovereign in the world: his books on Offices, on Moral Ends, and the Tusculan Questions, merit a hundred perusals; and his Orations, nearly sixty in number, deserve to be translated into every European language: nor do I scruple to affirm, that his sixteen books of letters to Atticus are superior to almost all histories, that of Sallust excepted. With respect to your own compositions, I have read, with great attention, and will again read, your most agreeable book. I am informed that you propose giving a Latin translation of it, and I hope you will do it for the benefit of foreigners. I see nothing in it which requires alteration,—nothing which is not entitled to praise. I much wish that you would publish more of your treatises on the antiquities of Asia and Africa: I am confident they would be most acceptable to such as study those subjects. I have only, for the present, to conclude, by bidding you farewell in my own name, and that of the republic of letters.

Farewell.

XXXVII.

*To G. S. Michaelis.**

November, 1774.

I BEG you will do me the justice to believe that I have read your books with great attention. I neither entirely admit nor reject your opinion on the fables of the Hebrews ; but, until the subject be better known and explored, I am unwilling to depart from the received opinions concerning them. Your approbation of my Commentaries gives me sincere pleasure. Nothing is more true than that I have renounced the Asiatic Muses and polite literature ; and that, for twenty years at least, I have determined neither to write nor think about them. The Forum is my lot, and the law engrosses all my attention. Be assured, however, that I shall ever retain my esteem both for yourself and your works.

Farewell.

* Written in Latin.

XXXVIII.

To Lady Spencer.

MADAM,

Duke Street.

I take the liberty to present your ladyship with a copy of my poems, and cannot refrain from acquainting you with a plain truth ; that the first of them, called Solima, would never have been written, if I had never had the honour of knowing your ladyship.

* * * *

I am just come from Harrow, where it gave me inexpressible happiness to see lord Althorpe perfectly well, extremely improved, and deservedly beloved by all, as much as by his real friend, and

Your ladyship's

most obedient and faithful servant,

WILLIAM JONES.

XXXIX.

From Lady Spencer.

SIR,

Althorpe, Jan. 10, 1775.

THE continual hurry occasioned by having a house full of company, added to my not having been quite well, has prevented my thanking you sooner for your letter : you cannot doubt of my being much flattered, at your thinking you find any resemblance between my character and that of Solima, and still more at your telling the world you do : I shall always look upon that poem as a model you have set up for my imitation, and shall only be sorry I do not approach nearer to it, especially after you have called upon me, in so public a manner, to improve myself in the ways of virtue and benevolence. I must decline your second request of criticising, as I have neither time nor talents for such an office, nor do I think your works require it.

I am delighted with your invention of the Andrometer, and wish every body would form one for themselves : it would be of infinite use to numbers of people, who, from indolence and dissipation,

rather go backwards than forwards in every useful attainment.* I am, sir, with great esteem,

Your faithful friend and humble servant,

G. SPENCER.

* The *Andrometer*, mentioned by Lady Spencer to have been invented by Mr. Jones, affords a striking specimen of the extent of his views in the acquisition of intellectual excellence. It may be defined, "a scale of human attainments and enjoyments:" he assumes seventy years as the limit of exertion or enjoyment; and, with a view to progressive improvement, each year is appropriated to a particular study or occupation. The arrangement of what was to be learned or practised, during this period, admits of a four-fold division.

The first, comprising thirty years, is assigned to the acquisition of knowledge, as preparatory to active occupation.

The second, of twenty years, is dedicated principally to public and professional employment.

Of the third, which contains ten years, the first five are allotted to literary and scientific composition, and the remainder to the continuation of former pursuits.

The last ten, constituting the fourth division, which begins with the sixty-first year, are devoted to the enjoyment of the fruits of his labours; and the conclusion of the whole is specified to be a preparation for eternity.

The *Andrometer* is to be considered as a mere sketch, never intended for publication: in the construction of it, Mr. Jones probably had a view to those objects, the attainment of which he then meditated. We are not to conclude, that the preparation for eternity, which stands at the top of the scale, was to be deferred until the seventieth year; it is rather to be considered as the object to which he was perpetually to look, during the whole course of his life, and which was exclusively to engross the attention of his latter years. Neither are we to suppose, that moral and religious lessons, which constitute the occupation of the eighth year, were from that period to be discontinued, although they are not afterwards mentioned; but the meaning of Mr. Jones probably was, that they should be seriously and regularly inculcated at an age, when the intellectual faculties had acquired

strength and expansion by preceding exercises. That the order of arrangement in the Andrometer could never be strictly adhered to in the application of our time, and cultivation of our talents, (if it were intended) is evident; but to those who, from their situation, are enabled to avail themselves of the suggestions which it furnishes, it will supply useful hints for improvement, and serve as a standard of comparison for their progress.

ANDROMETER.

	3	6	9	12	
1					Ideas received through the senses.
					Speaking & pronunciation
					Letters and spelling.
	.	.	.	.	Ideas retained in memory.
5	.	.	.	.	Reading and repeating.
	.	.	.	.	Gram. of own language.
	.	.	.	.	Memory exercised.
	.	.	.	.	Moral & religious lessons.
	.	.	.	.	Nat. hist. & experiments.
10	.	.	.	.	Dancing, music, drawing, exercises.
	.	.	.	.	Hist. of his own country.
	.	.	.	.	Latin.
	.	.	.	.	Greek.
	.	.	.	.	French and Italian.
15	.	.	.	.	Translations.
	.	.	.	.	Compositions, ver. & pro.
	.	.	.	.	Rhetoric & declamation.
	.	.	.	.	History and law.
	.	.	.	.	Logic and mathematics.
20	.	.	.	.	Rhetorical exercises.
	.	.	.	.	Philosophy and politics.
	.	.	.	.	Compos. in own language.
	.	.	.	.	Declamations continued.
	.	.	.	.	Ancient orators studied.
25	.	.	.	.	Travel and conversation.
	.	.	.	.	Speeches—bar or in parl.
	.	.	.	.	State affairs.
	.	.	.	.	Historical studies contin.
	.	.	.	.	Law and eloquence.

30	.	.	.	.	.	.	Public life.
	.	.	.	.	.	.	Private and social virtues.
	.	.	.	.	.	.	Habits of eloq. improved.
	.	.	.	.	.	.	Philosophy resumed at lei-
	.	.	.	.	.	.	Orations published. [sure.
35	.	.	.	.	.	.	Exertions in state & parl.
	.	.	.	.	.	.	Civil knowledge mature.
	.	.	.	.	.	.	Eloquence perfect.
	.	.	.	.	.	.	National rights defended.
	.	.	.	.	.	.	The learned protected.
40	.	.	.	.	.	.	The virtuous assisted.
	.	.	.	.	.	.	Compositions published.
	.	.	.	.	.	.	Science improved.
	.	.	.	.	.	.	Parliamentary affairs.
	.	.	.	.	.	.	Laws enacted & supported.
45	.	.	.	.	.	.	Fine arts patronized.
	.	.	.	.	.	.	Government of his family.
	.	.	.	.	.	.	Education of his children.
	.	.	.	.	.	.	Vigilance as a magistrate.
	.	.	.	.	.	.	Firmness as a patriot.
50	.	.	.	.	.	.	Virtue as a citizen.
	.	.	.	.	.	.	Historical works.
	.	.	.	.	.	.	Oratorical works.
	.	.	.	.	.	.	Philosophical works.
	.	.	.	.	.	.	Political works.
55	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mathematical works.
	.	.	.	.	.	.	} Continuation of former pursuits.
	.	.	.	.	.	.	
	.	.	.	.	.	.	
	.	.	.	.	.	.	
60	.	.	.	.	.	.	[joyed. Fruits of his labours en-
	.	.	.	.	.	.	A glorious retirement.
	.	.	.	.	.	.	An amiable family.
	.	.	.	.	.	.	Universal respect.
	.	.	.	.	.	.	Consciousness of a virtu-
65	.	.	.	.	.	.	[ous life.
	.	.	.	.	.	.	} Perfection of earthly happiness.
	.	.	.	.	.	.	
	.	.	.	.	.	.	
	.	.	.	.	.	.	
70	.	.	.	.	.	.	Preparation for eternity.

XL.

*To C. Reviczki.**

London, Feb. 1775.

Do not suppose that I have forgotten you, because I write to you so seldom : I have not met with any person to whom I could entrust my packet, and I have no inclination to risk my familiar letters by the post. I doubt if this will ever reach you, and I fear, therefore, to write to you on any subject with my usual freedom, as your last letter of January, from Warsaw, was delivered to me opened : it is probable that you will receive this in the same manner. I am so constantly occupied with law and politics, that I have no leisure for literature. I have published two books, and only want a safe opportunity to send them to you. Write to me, I beseech you ; for your friendship is my greatest delight. How much I wish that you were in England, or I in Germany, that we might live together !

After all, I could not think of accepting the Turkish embassy. I will live in my own country, which cannot easily spare good subjects : it is scarcely yet free from commotion. O ! how I

* Written in Latin.

should rejoice if I could see you here in a diplomatic character ! I should not then envy the monarchs of Europe or Asia.

Farewell again and again.

XLI.

*From C. Reviczki.**

IF you are fully sensible of the very great regard I entertain for you, you will then conceive how much pleasure I felt at the receipt of your highly valued letter. Incessantly occupied for a long time, I have been compelled to forego the pleasure of corresponding with you ; and I the more readily acknowledge your kindness in writing to me, when I could have no expectation of hearing from you. Though I think it more prudent not to say any thing, the disclosure of which might be attended with unpleasant consequences, I impute the opening of my letter, which you mention, rather to accident than design. Your business as a lawyer must necessarily engage your closest attention ; I cannot, therefore, ask you to write to me often ; but thus much I wish you to know—that I shall soon have more leisure for cor-

* Written in Latin.

responding with you ; as the late close of the Diet, which lasted for two years (in my estimation a century), has almost left me at liberty. So much for the affairs of this part of the world. Of what is doing in your country, your letter gives me no information ; but I hear, from other quarters, of the agitations amongst you, in consequence of the commotions in the colonies, which I consider worse than a foreign war. For my own part, I confess to you, that I am tired both of my situation and my office ; not so much on account of their difficulty, as their unpleasantness ; and all the consolation I feel arises from the hope that my present troublesome occupation will not last more than a year.

I heartily wish I were in London, and at liberty to sit seriously down to the composition of some political work on the subject of our republic : the task would be no less useful than agreeable ; indeed I can conceive nothing more pleasant than such an employment.

If, contrary to my expectations, my wish should be gratified, I hope to find you there, and to enjoy as formerly your society and conversation. I am anxious to have your last publication (the subject of which you do not mention), and doubt not that the perusal of it will afford me great pleasure. Farewell, and think of me always with affection.

XLII.

*To H. A. Schultens.**

December, 1776.

BEHOLD me now no longer a free man; me, who ever considered perfect liberty superior to every thing! Under the impression of the most eager desire to see you, I promised to visit Amsterdam this year, but I am detained in London by various and important occupations. The fact is, that I am appointed one of the sixty commissioners of bankrupts: it is an office of great use, but little emolument; it confines me, however, to London, during the greatest part of the year. Add to this, my necessary studies, my practice at the bar, and the duty of giving opinions on legal cases submitted by clients. However, I read the Grecian orators again and again, and have translated into English the most useful orations of Isæus. How go on Meidani and Hariri? Continue, I beseech you, your labours upon them, with due regard, however, to your health.

* Written in Latin.

XLIII.

To Lord Althorpe.

Temple, Nov. 13.

As I have a few minutes of leisure this evening, can I employ them better than in writing to my friend? I hasten, my dear lord, to impart to you the pleasure I received to-day, from seeing a series of experiments exhibited by Mr. Walsh on the American eel, by which he clearly proved that the animal has a sensation wholly distinct from any of the five senses. When he announced the proposition to be demonstrated, I thought it might possibly be true, but could not conceive how a new sense could be made perceptible to any sense of mine, as I imagined it would be like talking to a deaf man of harmonic sounds, or to one who had no palate, of nectarines and pine-apples; but he produced the fullest conviction in me, that his position was, in a degree, just. His first experiment was by fixing four wires, about two inches in the water where the fish was swimming—one in each quarter of the elliptical trough; each of these wires communicated with a large glass of water, placed on a table at a little distance, though the distance signified nothing; for the experiment, had the wires been long enough, might

have been conducted in another room ; while the four glasses remained separate, the gymnotus (for that is his technical name), was perfectly insensible of the wires ; but in the very instant when a communication was made by an instrument between any two of the glasses, he seemed to start, and swam directly to the wires which were thus joined, paying no attention to the others, till a junction was made between them also. This could not be sight, because he did not see the wires while they were insulated, though they were equally conspicuous ; it could not be feeling (at least not like our feeling) because the water was not in the least agitated ; still less could it be hearing ; and least of all smell, or taste. It was, therefore, a distinct electrical sense of feeling, or power of conceiving any stronger conductor than the water around him ; for which reason he did not perceive the wires till their junction, because they were at the extremities of the tub, and so little in the water, that they were less powerful conductors. Several other experiments were exhibited with equal success : one of them only I will mention. A triangular instrument of brass was held over the tub, and one of the legs placed gently in the water, to which the fish was wholly inattentive, though he swam close to it ; but when the other leg was immersed to complete the circulation, he instantly started. It is by this faculty that the wonderful animal has notice of his prey and of his enemies. These are pleasant amusements, and objects of a just curiosity when they fall occasionally in our way ; but such experiments might have been exhibited at Paris, Madrid, or Petersburg, where the philosophers, who are

discovering new senses in other animals, are not permitted to use their own freely ; and, believe me, my dear lord, it is not by electrical experiments, nor by triangular instruments, nor by conductors of wire, that we shall be able to avert the black storm which hangs over us. Let you and I, therefore, be philosophers now and then, but citizens always ; let us sometimes observe with eagerness the satellites of Jupiter, but let us incessantly watch with jealousy the satellites of the king. Do you hear any certain intelligence concerning America ? Mr. Owen Cambridge has just informed me, that a New York Gazette is brought over, in which the late uncertain accounts are confirmed in their full extent, with this important addition, that three counties of Maryland have offered, not only submission, but assistance to general Howe. This may or may not be true.

Farewell.

XLIV.

To Lord Althorpe.

November 22.

I REJOICE, my dear friend, that you have acquired that ingenuous distrust, which Epicharmus calls *a sinew of wisdom*. It is certain that doubt impels us to inquire, and inquiry often ends in conviction. You will be able, when you come to London, to examine with the minutest *scrupulosity*, as Johnson would call it, the properties of that singular animal, who is, in the rivers of South America, what Jupiter was feigned to be among the gods, *a darter of lightning*, and should be named *αστραπηφορος*, instead of *gymnotus*. He certainly has (if an academic may venture to affirm any thing) a mode of perception peculiar to himself; but whether that perception can properly be called *a new sense*, I leave you to determine: it is a modification indeed of feeling: but are not all our senses so? I desire, however, that in this and in every thing, you will form your own judgment. As to the *παλιγγενεσία* of our noble constitution, which has happily presented itself to your imagination, the very idea fixes me with rap-

ture. No, my dear lord, never believe that any thing is impossible to virtue: no; if ten such as you conceive such sentiments as your letter contains, and express them as forcibly—if you retain these sentiments, as you certainly will when you take your place in parliament—I will not despair of seeing the most glorious of sights—a *nation freely governed by its own laws*. This I promise; that, if such a decemvirate should ever attempt to restore our constitutional liberty, by constitutional means, I would exert in their cause such talents as I have; and, even if I were oppressed with sickness, and torn with pain, would start from my couch, and exclaim with Trebonius, “If you mean to act worthily, O Romans, I am well!” The speech, you find, was composed and delivered, without my news about Maryland; it is *λογος μαλα μιναρχικος και στρατιωτικος*,* and breathes a deliberate firmness. Lord Chatham spoke with a noble vigour for a veteran orator, and your bishop pronounced an elegant harangue: I wish lord Granby had more courage as a public speaker: all men speak highly of him; but he will never be eloquent till he is less modest. Charles Fox poured forth, with amazing rapidity, a continued invective against lord G. Germaine; and Burke was so pathetic, that many declare they saw him shed tears. The ministers in both houses were sullen and reserved; but lord Sandwich boldly contradicted the duke of Richmond, on the state of the navy. I grieve that our senate is dwindled into a school of rhetoric, where

* Too despotic and military.

men rise to display their abilities, rather than to deliberate; and wish to be admired, without hoping to convince. Adieu, my dear lord: I steal these few moments from a dry legal investigation; but I could not defer the pleasure of answering a letter, which gave me inexpressible delight.

XLV.

*From H. A. Schultens.**

May, 1777.

I KNOW not how to express my delight at the receipt of your short, but very friendly and obliging letter. I take shame to myself at having so long delayed the acknowledgment of it; and you might indeed justly censure me, for an apparent forgetfulness of your kindness towards me. This would indeed be a most serious accusation, which I cannot in any degree admit: I wish I could as fairly exculpate myself from the charge of negligence. You have now, my friend, my confession; but you will pardon me, in consideration of my promise to be more attentive

* Written in Latin.

in future. I may indeed plead occupations so incessant, that they scarcely allow me time to breathe, and have often compelled me to defer writing to you, when I most seriously intended it: you will the more readily admit this apology, when I tell you, that for five months I have never once thought of Meidani.

I have now a little respite, and mean soon to resume my work, which has been so long interrupted: the singular kindness of the superintendents of the library at Leyden, by permitting me to take home for my use, and retain as long as I please, not only the manuscript of Meidani, but any others which I may want, will much diminish the weight of my labour. With this assistance, I shall proceed, as fast as my other employments allow, to copy the manuscript, finish the indices (which are absolutely necessary to such a work), and add whatever is wanted to render it as elegant and complete as possible: it gradually advances. I most heartily wish it were in my power to bestow upon this favourite occupation, those hours which I am obliged most reluctantly to give to my various public and private lectures; but I foresee that it will still require three or four years of hard labour to collect such an ample stock of materials, as will enable me to deliver my lectures fluently, without much previous study, or “to shake them out of a bag,” as the phrase is. In the mean time, Hariri lies untouched, the Arabic poets are neglected, and the soft and elegant literature of Persia (which, above all, I sincerely regret) remains unexplored: such, however, is the ardour with which you have inspired me, that I am determined,

if I enjoy life and health, at all hazards, and at the risk of singularity, to devote myself to the acquisition of it. I almost, however, despair of publishing Hariri. I had determined to give the text only from the best procurable manuscripts, annexing to it the translation of my grandfather, which is complete: this I should be able to accomplish with little sacrifice of time; and, without neglecting other business, I could give the public an useful work. But there are some, to whose judgment, as well as inclination, I owe much deference, who disapprove of this plan, and advise me not to publish the work, without extracts from Tebrizi and other grammarians, nor even without my own annotations: though I do not agree with them, I must submit to their authority, at the necessity of protracting the publication, till I can give it as they wish.

Scheidius has lately published the first part of Jaohari's Lexicon, consisting of about two hundred pages. He calculates, that the whole work will not be comprised in less than ten volumes, of a thousand pages each. Opinions about it are various. He himself foresees so little impediment in completing this immense undertaking, that he even talks of publishing Phiruzbadi, &c.; but others consider the obstacles so insuperable, that they think it never will be finished, unless it should rain gold upon him. This is all relating to the Arabic that is now going on amongst us, excepting a glossary to Hariri, Arab Shah, and the Coran, which Mr. Wilmot, a young but learned theologian, has undertaken. It will be very useful to beginners, who, from the difficulty and expense of

procuring Golius, are deterred from the study of the language. Latin and Greek literature receive more encouragement here : this neither excites my envy nor surprise ; but I should be still more reconciled to it, if some small part of this patronage were to overflow upon the Orientalists. Ruhnkenius is at work upon Velleius Paterculus, Burman on Propertius, Wyttenbach on Plutarch, Tollius upon the Homeric Lexicon of Apollonius, an edition of which has been published by Villoison in France. The epistles of Phalaris, respecting the author of which your countrymen Boyle and Bentley had such a controversy, will soon be published. Have you seen the very elegant essay of Ruhnkenius, on the Life and Writings of Longinus ? Many copies have been sent to England ;—if you wish to have one, I will take an opportunity of procuring it for you. In the course of a few weeks, a critical miscellany will appear, and it is intended to publish two or three numbers of it annually. This publication has a double view ; to notice the best new books on every subject which relate to learned antiquity, and to introduce occasionally new and unpublished compositions. The authors are unknown, or rather wish to be so ; for some of them will certainly be discovered by their superior erudition, and uncommon elegance of style. I am sufficiently acquainted with them to affirm confidently that the work will please you. With some of the persons concerned in it, I am intimately connected, and they have requested me to recommend to them some London bookseller, to whom a few copies may be sent for sale : for this purpose, I have thought of Elmsley, who will probably have

no objection to try the success of the work in England, by taking twenty, or even fewer copies. I wish, however, in the first place, to mention the business to you, that Elmsley, or some other, by your interest, may be the more readily induced to undertake it. There is also another favour of more importance, which my friends, through my agency, anxiously hope to obtain from you; the circumstance is this: upon their expressing a wish, that their miscellany should contain extracts from Oriental authors, particularly Persic and Arabic, I recommended to them, as there are but few works of this nature, and still fewer worthy of notice, that they should leave a space for short dissertations, under the head of tracts, or essays, or any other title, by which they may be communicated, as a means of promoting these studies. I promised, for my own part, to contribute some biographical memoirs from Eben Cháli Khán, if they should have nothing better to insert. They approved my advice, and earnestly entreated me to prevail upon you to furnish them with some essays of this kind; adding, that they would prove the greatest ornament and recommendation of this part of the work; and that if I really enjoyed your friendship, which I was perpetually asserting, I could not fail of obtaining this favour from you. You see, my friend, to what I have been led, by boasting of your regard for me. I have yielded the more readily to their solicitations, in the hopes of retrieving by it, in some degree, the heavy loss which we sustained in you: I therefore most earnestly entreat and beseech you, by your ancient love of the Oriental Muses, who so feelingly and fondly regret you, not

to omit any convenient opportunity of gratifying our wishes. Examine your shelves;—you will find many things ready, and sufficiently perfect for publication. Whatever you send will be most acceptable, and it shall appear in our miscellany with or without your name, as you may think proper. If you have any thing in English, and want time to turn it into Latin, I will readily undertake the translation of it, and submit it to the examination of others who are better scholars than myself, that your reputation may suffer no impeachment from it. Nothing shall be added, omitted, or changed; but it shall appear exactly as you send it: to this, if you think it necessary, I will pledge my word. I hope it will not be inconvenient to you to favour me with an early reply to this letter, and I rely upon your obliging acquiescence in our request.

I congratulate you upon your new office, as an introduction to something more honourable and lucrative; and as to the loss of your liberty, I regret it rather on my account, than on yours. No one, not even an Englishman, can object to service for the public good, which is the just recompence of virtue and merit. To me, however, your confinement is grievous; for, if I was disappointed in the expectation of seeing you, when you were your own master, I can scarcely now indulge a distant hope of that pleasure. Do not, however, leave me in despair: you have fifty-nine associates; some interval of leisure may occur; and if it should, do not neglect it; but run over, and make us happy by the enjoyment of your company and conversation. It is not for want of inclination that I do not pay you another visit: the recollection of the pleasure I

had in your society, is so strongly impressed upon me, that I have nothing more anxiously at heart, than to fly over to you with all speed, that I may again enjoy it : neither is it want of time that detains me ; for my office, which exclusively occupies me for nine months, leaves me at liberty the remaining three. What is it then ? I will tell you the truth, nor blush to reveal to my friend, “ that, when my purse is heavier, I shall find the journey to you lighter.” *

The soil of Oriental literature in Holland, as elsewhere, is barren : it produces only the mere conveniences of life, but no superfluities whatever : I must therefore defer all hope of accomplishing a journey to England, without some unexpected improvement of my circumstances. I shall, however, bear my lot, whatever it may be, with patience. Having mentioned this subject to you, I will add something in which you may essentially serve me. With a view to improving my fortune, and procuring that affluence, which, though it may be dispensed with, is most acceptable to those who possess it, I have determined to undertake the charge of a pupil, to receive him into my house, and superintend his morals and education. I am particularly anxious, however, that he should be of your country, not only because the system of private education is little known or followed here, but because it would be more agreeable to me to part with my liberty to an Englishman (you see how openly I speak), from whom I might expect a more substan-

* An Arabic proverb, adapted to the situation of the writer.

tial recompence. My paper will not allow me to say much more. Oblige me with a few lines in reply: I am certain you will willingly assist me as far as you can ; and you may depend upon the strictest attention, on my part, to any request from you which I can possibly execute. My wife sends her best compliments to your excellent mother and sister. Farewell, my dear Jones ; and continue to honour me with your esteem.

H. A. SCHULTENS,

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XLVI.

*To H. A. Schultens.**

July, 1777.

I SHOULD have great pleasure in complying with your kind and friendly request, by furnishing my contribution to the new work which is soon to appear amongst you, and would exert myself for this purpose, but that the absolute want of leisure makes it impossible. My law employments, attendance in the courts, incessant studies, the arrange-

* Written in Latin.

ment of pleadings, trials of causes, and opinions to clients, scarcely allow me a few moments for eating and sleeping. I thank you sincerely for your very entertaining account of your own occupations, and of what is going on in your country. If I should hear of any wealthy English gentleman who wishes to send his son as a pupil to Holland, to study literature, you may rely upon my recommendation of your merits, as well as upon my assistance on all occasions. I must, however, at the same time tell you, that an opportunity of this nature is very uncertain.

XLVII.

To Lord Althorpe.

MY DEAR LORD,

Bath, Dec. 28, 1777.

I TOLD you, when I had the pleasure of seeing you in London, that it was doubtful whether I should pass my vacation at Amsterdam or at Bath: the Naiads of the hot springs have prevailed, you see, over the nymphs of the lakes, and I have been drinking the waters for a month, with no less pleasure than advantage to my health; the improvement of which I ascribe, however, in great measure, to my regular exercise on the Downs, and to abstinence from any study that requires too much

exertion of the mind. I should have skated indeed in Holland from town to town, and a little voyage would have dissipated my bile, if I had any; but that scheme I must postpone till another winter, and have sent an excuse to my Dutch friend, who expected me.

As I came hither entirely for the purpose of recruiting my exhausted spirits, and strengthening my stomach, I have abstained with some reluctance from dancing, an amusement which I am as fond of as ever, but which would be too heating for a water-drinker; and as for the idler diversions of a public place, they have not the recommendation of novelty, without which they cannot long please. You, my dear friend, are in the mean time relaxing yourself, from the severer pursuits of science and civil knowledge, with the healthy and manly exercise of the field, from which you will return, with a keener appetite, to the noble feast which the Muses are again preparing for you at Cambridge. And here, by way of parenthesis, I must tell you that I joined a small party of hunters the other morning, and was in at the death of a hare; but I must confess, that I think hare-hunting a very dull exercise, and fit rather for a huntress than a mighty hunter, rather for Diana than Orion. Had I the taste and vigour of Actæon, without his indiscreet curiosity, my game would be the stag or the fox, and I should leave the hare in peace, without sending her to her many friends. This heresy of mine may arise from my fondness for every thing vast, and my disdain of every thing little; and for the same reason, I should prefer the more violent sport of the Asiatics, who enclose a whole district with toils, and then

attack the tigers and leopards with javelins, to the sound of trumpets and clarions. Of music, I conclude, you have as much at Althorpe as your heart can desire ; I might here have more than my ears could bear, or my mind conceive, for we have with us La Motte, Fischer, Rauzzini ; but, as I live in the house of my old master, Evans, whom you remember, I am satisfied with his harp, which I prefer to the Theban lyre, as much as I prefer Wales to ancient or modern Egypt.

I was this morning with Wilkes, who showed me a letter lately written to him from Paris, by Diderot : as I have, you know, a quick memory, I brought away the substance of it, and give it to you in a translation almost literal :—“ Friend Wilkes, it delights me to hear that you still have sufficient employment for your active mind, without which you cannot long be happy. I have just read the several speeches which you have delivered on the subject of your present war against the provincials : they are full of eloquence, force, and dignity. I too have composed a speech on the same subject, which I would deliver in your senate, had I a seat in it. ‘ I will wave for the present, my countrymen, all consideration of the justice or injustice of the measures you are pursuing ; I well know that to be an improper topic at the time when the public welfare is immediately concerned : I will not even question, at present, your power to reduce an exasperated and desperate people ; but consider, I entreat you, that you are surrounded by nations by whom you are detested ; and say, for Heaven’s sake, how long you will give them reason to laugh at the ridiculous figure you are making.’ This is my harangue ;

it is short in words, but extensive in meaning."— So far, my dear lord, we have no reason to censure the thoughts or expressions of the learned Encyclopedist : what follows is so profligate, that I would not transcribe it, if I were not sure that you would join with me in condemning it. "As to yourself," he adds, "be cheerful ; drink the best wines ; keep the gayest company ; and should you be inclined to a tender passion, address yourself to such women as make the least resistance : they are as amusing and as interesting as others. One lives with them without anxiety, and quits them without regret." I want words, Diderot, to express the baseness, the folly, the brutality of this sentiment. I am no cynic, but as fond as any man at Paris of cheerful company, and of such pleasures as a man of virtue need not blush to enjoy ; but if the philosophy of the French academicians be comprised in your advice to your friend Wilkes, keep it to yourself, and to such as you. I am of a different sect. He concludes his letter with some professions of regard, and with a recommendation of a young Frenchman, who told Wilkes some speeches of Diderot to the empress of Russia, which you shall hear at some other time. I am interrupted, and must leave you with reluctance till the morning.

XLVIII.

From Mr. Burke.

MY DEAR SIR,

March 12, 1778.

I GIVE you many thanks for your most obliging and valuable present, and feel myself extremely honoured by this mark of your friendship. My first leisure will be employed in an attentive perusal of an author, who had merit enough to fill up a part of yours, and whom you have made accessible to me with an ease and advantage, which one so many years disused to Greek literature as I have been, could not otherwise have. Isæus is an author of whom I know nothing, but by fame; I am sure that any idea I had from thence conceived of him, will not be at all lessened by seeing him in your translation. I do not know how it has happened that orators have hitherto fared worse in the hands of the translators, than even the poets: I never could bear to read a translation of Cicero. Demosthenes suffers, I think, somewhat less; but he suffers greatly: so much, that I must say, that no English reader could well conceive from whence he had acquired the reputation of the first of orators.

I am satisfied that there is now an eminent exception to this rule; and I sincerely congratulate the public on that acquisition. I am, with the greatest truth and regard, my dear sir, your most faithful and obliged humble servant,

EDMUND BURKE.

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XLIX.

From Mr. Swinney.

SIR,

Pera of Constantinople, Jan. 1, 1778.

So high an opinion do I entertain of your humanity and politeness, as to persuade myself you will readily pardon the liberty I have taken, of sending you a Persian and Grecian manuscript. If, on perusal of one or the other book, you should meet with a single passage that may contribute either to your instruction or amusement, my purpose will be fully answered.

Among the real curiosities I have seen at Constantinople, is a public museum, erected at the sole expense of a most learned grand vizir, whose name and title was Rajib Pacha. This collection contains about two thousand Arabian, Persian, and

Turkish manuscripts, which, the learned say, contain vast stores of erudition. It is not improbable but I may be able, on some favourable occasion, to procure you a copy of the catalogue; and then, should you be disposed to have any of the manuscripts copied, I entreat you will confer the honour upon me of executing the commission. People assure me (but I dare not say whether with good authority or no), that the entire Decades of Livy, and the complete History of Curtius, are contained in that very precious repository; if so, who knows but majesty itself (so superlatively happy are we in a monarch who favours the arts and sciences!) may graciously condescend to command a copy of them!

Be pleased to accept of my warmest wishes for your health, prosperity, and very long life; and believe me to be (what I sincerely am) a lasting admirer of your abilities, and, at the same time, dear sir, &c.

SIDNEY SWINNEY.

L.

From Dr. Stuart.

MY DEAR SIR,

October 3, 1778.

I HAVE to acknowledge the receipt of your most obliging letter. It is impossible for me to express the value in which I hold the favourable sentiments you have conveyed to me ; and above all, that strain of cordiality and friendship which accompany them. The loss of that long letter or dissertation, into which my performance was about to entice you, is a matter of infinite regret to me ; but I hope that the object which then engaged more particularly your attention, and which was so worthy of it, is now within your reach ; that the fates are to comply with your desires, and to place you in a scene where so much honour and so many laurels are to be won and gathered.

It affects me with a lively pleasure, that your taste has turned with a peculiar fondness to the studies of law and government on the great scale of history and manners. They have been too long in the management of inquirers, who were merely metaphysicians, or merely the retainers of courts :

their generous and liberal nature has been wounded and debased by the minuteness of an acute but useless philosophy, and by a mean and slavish appetite for practice and wealth. It is now fit that we should have lawyers who are orators, philosophers, and historians.

But while I entreat you to accept my best thanks for your excellent letter, and express my approbation of those studies of which you are enamoured, permit me, at the same time, to embrace the opportunity of making known to you the bearer of these lines. Dr. Gillies, of whom you may have heard as the translator of Lysias, has been long my warm friend; and I have to recommend him to you as the possessor of qualities which are still more to his honour than extensive learning and real genius. Men who leave their compatriots behind them in the pursuits of science and true ambition, are of the same family, and ought to be known to one another.

Do me the favour, my dear sir, to continue to afford me a place in your memory; and believe me, that I shall always hear of your prosperity, your reputation, and your studies, with a peculiar and entire satisfaction.

I am now, and ever, yours, &c.

GILB. STUART.

P. S. In January or February, I am to send into the world a new work, in which I treat of the

Public Law, and the Constitutional History of Scotland ; and, wherever you are, I am to transmit you one of the first copies, by Mr. Murray, of Fleet-street.

LI.

*From Dean Tucker.**

DEAR SIR,

Gloucester, September 21, 1778.

WHEN you first honoured me with your acquaintance, perhaps you was not aware what a troublesome correspondence you was bringing yourself into. Be that as it may, I will now beg leave to avail myself of the permission which you kindly granted me of consulting you on some points. Several copies of my last tract have been in the university upwards of a fortnight ; and it is probable that by this time some have vouchsafed to read it. What, therefore, I wish to know, is, whether, in the judgment of those who have given it a perusal, I have confuted Mr. Locke's system in such a manner, that they are convinced his must be *wrong*, whatever else may happen to be *right*. If this is not the case—that is, if I have not totally confuted

* Josiah Tucker, D.D. dean of Gloucester.

Mr. Locke ; I need proceed no farther—for mine can have no chance to be true, if his is still supposed to be the only true one ; and I shall very willingly give up the pursuit : but if I have demolished his scheme, I have so far cleared the way to make room for my own ; and, in that case, I have one or two points to consult you about. I am,

J. TUCKER.

LII.

To Lord Althorpe.

Temple, Oct. 13, 1778.

My dear lord, captain, and friend (of all which titles no man entertains a juster idea than yourself), how shall I express the delight which your letter from Warley camp has given me ? I cannot sufficiently regret, that I was so long deprived of that pleasure ; for, intending to be in London soon after the circuit, I had neglected to leave any directions here about my letters ; so that yours has lain almost a month upon my table, where I found it yesterday, on my return from the country. I ought indeed to have written first to you, because I was a Rambler, you stationary ; and because the pen has been my

peculiar instrument, as the sword has been yours this summer : but the agitation of forensic business, and the sort of society in which I have been forced to live, afforded me few moments of leisure, except those in which nature calls for perfect repose ; and the spirits, exhausted with fatigue, require immediate reparation. I rejoice to see that you are a votary, as Archilochus says of himself, both of the Muses and of Mars ; nor do I believe that a letter, full of more manly sentiments, or written with more unaffected elegance, than yours, has often been sent from a camp. You know I have set my mind on your being a fine speaker in the next parliament, in the cause of true constitutional liberty ; and your letters convince me that I shall not be disappointed. To this great object, both for your own glory and your country's good, your present military station will contribute not a little ; for a soldier's life naturally inspires a certain spirit and confidence, without which the finest elocution will not have a full effect. Not to mention Pericles, Xenophon, Cæsar, and a hundred other eloquent soldiers among the ancients, I am persuaded that Pitt (whom, by the way, I am far from comparing to Pericles) acquired his forcible manner in the field where he carried the colours. This I mention, in addition to the advantages of your present situation, which you very justly point out : nor can I think your summer in any respect uselessly spent, since our constitution has a good defence in a well regulated militia, officered by men who love their country ; and a militia so regulated, may, in due time, be the means of thinning the formidable standing army, if not of extinguishing it. Captain * * * * is one of the

worthiest, as well as tallest men in the kingdom ; but he and his Socrates (Dr. Johnson) have such prejudices in politics, that one must be upon one's guard in their company, if one wishes to preserve their good opinion. By the way, the dean of Gloucester has printed a work, which he thinks a full confutation of Locke's Theory of Government ; and his second volume will contain a new theory of his own : of this, when we meet. The disappointment to which you allude, and concerning which you say so many friendly things to me, is not yet certain. My competitor is not yet nominated ; many doubt whether he will be ; I think he will not, unless the chancellor should press it strongly. It is still the opinion and wish of the bar, that I should be the man. I believe the minister hardly knows his own mind. I cannot legally be appointed till January, or next month at soonest, because I am not a barrister of five years' standing till that time : now, many believe that they keep the place open for me till I am qualified. I certainly wish to have it, because I wish to have twenty thousand pounds in my pocket before I am eight-and-thirty years old ; and then I might contribute, in some little degree, towards the service of my country in parliament, as well as at the bar, without selling my liberty to a patron, as too many of my profession are not ashamed of doing : and I might be a speaker in the house of commons in the full vigour and maturity of my age ; whereas, in the slow career of Westminster Hall, I should not, perhaps, even with the best success, acquire the same independent station, till the age at which Cicero was killed. But be assured, my dear lord, that if the minister be offended at the

style in which I have spoken, do speak, and will speak, of public affairs, and, on that account, should refuse to give me the judgeship, I shall not be at all mortified, having already a very decent competence, without a debt or a care of any kind. I will not break in upon you at Warley unexpectedly; but whenever you find it most convenient, let me know, and I will be with you in less than two hours.

LIII.

From Adam Prince Czartoryski.

SIR,

Warsaw, Nov. 26, 1778.

It is the fate of those who, like you, are an ornament to the literary world, to be known to those who are perfectly unknown to them: each is entitled to call to them for light; and this I hope will be a sufficient apology for my intruding upon you, and interrupting those studious hours which you consecrate with so much success to the instruction of your readers.

I was happy enough of late to hit upon your Essay on the Poetry of the Eastern Nations, and your History of the Persian Language. I found that you had made up, in these two works, a quarrel of a very old standing between erudition and taste: you have

brought them to meet together in such a friendly manner, that one who had never read but your writings, would be apt to think they always went hand in hand.

I have been applying myself since a few years to the study of Eastern languages; though I cannot flatter myself with having made as yet any considerable progress in that branch of learning. Your most excellent Grammar of the Persian Language, which gave birth to Mr. Richardson's one of the Arabic, executed upon the same plan, are the agreeable guides which I follow in that difficult journey: to them I owe to be rescued out of the hands of Erpenius, Guadagnola, and the rest of those unmerciful gentlemen who never took the least trouble about clearing the road, or plucking out one single thorn from the many with which the paths of the study of Eastern languages are covered. Give me leave to be still more beholden to you: and as you learned men are the leading stars of the unlearned, I beg you will bestow a few moments of your leisure upon answering some questions which may perhaps appear very trifling in the eyes of a man of your extensive knowledge.

I have always been at a loss to form any conjecture upon the following subject; which is, by what chance so many words from other European languages, or at least used in our European languages, are got into the Persian; as, for instance, *jivân*, *pudder*, *mâder*,* the English, *bad*, the German, *dochter*, *der*, *bend*, together with a deal of our Slavonian, especially in the arithmetical

* Youth, father, mother.

numbers, which, even in the manner of pronouncing them, are exactly the same, such as *pendsed*, *scheshed*,* &c. I should be greatly obliged to you, likewise, if by your means I could be informed, whether the Dictionary of Meninski, proposed to be reprinted at Oxford, is already come out; whether it contains a great many additions which are not to be found in the edition of 1680; lastly, whether Mr. Richardson has published the second volume, English and Arabic, of his Dictionary. As to our poor countryman, Meninski, he has not met with the reward which he had a right to expect: † after having wasted his health and fortune in the finishing of his work, he died unnoticed at Vienna; and his daughter ended her life in the same city a few years ago, very ill used by those who had advanced money to her father, for the publishing of his work. You live in a country where such a sin would be ranked among the mortal ones. Baron Reviczki, so justly and honourably mentioned in your works, has been residing here for several years, as minister of the court of Vienna: we have often made the wish that something could tempt you to

* 500 and 600.

† It appears that Meninski was no less distinguished for his extensive erudition and profound knowledge of languages, particularly Oriental, than by the propriety of conduct, and abilities displayed by him in various official situations to which he had risen by his merit. His first station was that of first interpreter to the Polish embassy at the Porte, and from this he was gradually advanced to the rank of a counsellor of war to the emperor at Vienna, and first interpreter of Oriental languages. He died at Vienna, at the age of 75, in 1698, eighteen years after the publication of his famous and useful work, the Oriental Thesaurus.

take our part of the world in your way. If that should ever happen, I would consider it as a most agreeable circumstance for me, if you could be prevailed upon to accept of my house during your stay, and consider it as your own. I know what advantages we might reap from so useful and agreeable an intercourse, and would make it our business not to let time lay heavy upon our hands. I must (before I end) express to you the sense of pleasure which I felt as a Pole, in reading that passage of your preface which concerns our country; it bears the stamp of humanity and spirit. Now, after having repeated my excuses for having been so forward, and perhaps so tedious,

I am, with all possible regard, &c.

ADAM PRINCE CZARTORYSKI,

General of Podolia.

LIV.

To Prince Adam Czartoryski.

Lamb's Buildings, Temple, London, Feb. 17, 1779.

NOTHING could be more honourable to me than your letter; nothing more flattering than the sentiments which you express in it: but I am so little used to converse or correspond with princes, and have so long been accustomed to the plainness of the ancients, that I should address your highness with more facility in Latin, than in any modern idiom. Yet, as you not only perfectly understand my native language, but even write it (I speak sincerely) with elegance, I will try to answer you in English, with Roman simplicity.

It gives me great pleasure, that my juvenile compositions have been at all useful or entertaining to you. What higher reward can a writer desire than the approbation of such a reader? In supposing, however, that you interrupt my studious hours, which I am consecrating to literature, allow me to say, that, unhappily for me, you are a little mistaken. My last four years have been spent in forensic labours, which, however arduous, are no less pleasing than reputable, and would be perfectly congenial with my temper and disposition, if they

did not wholly preclude me from resuming my former studies. It is possible, however, that I may soon succeed to a high judicial office in Bengal, where the vacations will give me leisure to renew my acquaintance, which I now am obliged to intermit, with the Persian and Arabic classics. Should my appointment take place, I shall set a high value on your correspondence, and will not fail to send both your highness, and my friend Baron Reviczki (to whom I will write very soon), some wreaths of flowers from the banks of the Ganges.

In answer to your questions, I must inform your highness, that the project of reprinting Meninski here is entirely dropped ; but Richardson is indefatigable, and advances as expeditiously as possible with the second part of his dictionary. How so many European words crept into the Persian language, I know not with certainty. Procopius, I think, mentions the great intercourse, both in war and peace, between the Persians and the nations in the north of Europe and Asia, whom the ancients knew by the general name of Scythians. Many learned investigators of antiquity are fully persuaded, that a very old and almost primæval language was in use among these northern nations, from which, not only the Celtic dialects, but even the Greek and Latin are derived ; in fact, we find *πατηρ* and *μητηρ* in Persian, nor is *θυλατηρ* so far removed from *dochter*, or even *ονομα* and *nomen* from *nâm*, as to make it ridiculous to suppose, that they sprung from the same root. We must confess, that these researches are very obscure and uncertain ; and you will allow, not so agreeable as an ode of Hafez, or an elegy of Amr'alkeis. How

happy should I be, my dear prince, if, on my return from India, I could visit Poland, accept the kind invitation of your highness, and enjoy the promised pleasure of your conversation and friendship. My good genius forbids me wholly to despair of that happiness; and the *sperata voluptas suavis amicitiae*, which enabled Lucretius to endure any toil, and to spend the starry nights, as he says, in contemplation, shall have a similar effect on, &c.

WILLIAM JONES.

LV.

From Dr. Stuart.

MY DEAR SIR,

Feb. 12, 1779.

I BEG you to accept my new work,* as a mark of my best observance. The subjects are very important, very curious, and very new; but the materials upon which I was to operate were very imperfect. Indeed, I fear much, that a propriety of intention is all my merit, and from that, I think, I am to draw little glory; for it is common to me with writers who are the weakest and most trifling.

* Observations concerning the Public Law and Constitutional History of Scotland.

Yet, if your eye can trace any evidence in this trifle to oppose my apprehensions, I shall be very happy. All the humility of my doubts will go away. In two respects, I expose myself very much to censure. I have attacked the *nobile officium* of the court of session; and I have vindicated the freedom of the Scottish government from the misrepresentations of Dr. Robertson, the historiographer of Scotland. With a thousand people, these things are the greatest of all crimes. It is in England, and not in this country, that I am to find those readers who will be perfectly impartial.

I entreat you to accept my most sincere wishes for your prosperity, and that you will believe me, with the most entire respect,

My dear sir, &c.

GILB. STUART.

LVI.

From Dr. Stuart.

DR. STUART presents his best compliments to Mr. Jones.

I beg to have the pleasure to submit to your inspection a small treatise, which I have published a few years ago, as an introduction to an extensive work on the laws and constitution of England, which I have long meditated, and have in part executed. If you like my ideas, I shall account myself extremely fortunate: if they do not strike you as of importance and interesting, I shall think that I have employed my leisure without advantage. Your line of study has led you to inquire into the history of English manners and jurisprudence: the little work which accompanies this note, is perfectly within this line; and, as I have the most entire confidence in your penetration and candour, I should be happy to know your opinion of it. I should then be in a state to form a resolution whether I ought to give order and method to the materials I have collected, in the view of prosecuting a subject, which I may, perhaps, have undertaken, without having properly consulted my forces. You will do me the favour to excuse this trouble.

LVII.

*From C. Reviczki.**

Warsaw, March 17, 1779.

I LATELY received through Mr. * * * * your last two learned publications; a most agreeable and convincing proof of your affectionate remembrance of me. The singular erudition with which your works abound, not only delighted me exceedingly, but almost excited my inclination to resume those studies which I had almost forgotten. Prince Adam Czartoryski, who has cultivated Oriental literature not unsuccessfully, had already afforded me an opportunity of perusing your life of Nadir Shah. He particularly pointed out the passages in the dissertation, in which you make such honourable mention of me, and for which I am indebted to your partiality alone. I regret the loss which the republic of letters must suffer from your desertion, and determination to devote yourself to the altar of Themis: but I trust that Melpomene, under whose auspices you were born, will compel you to return to your allegiance. I am heartily

* Written in Latin.

tired with a residence of seven years on the banks of the Vistula ; but the termination of the German war will, I hope, restore me to a more pleasing situation. How much more agreeable would it be to me, if fortune would allow me to gratify my inclinations, by passing my days in England, near you ! But to whatever place my destiny may lead me, my affection for you will continue unabated.

Farewell.

LVIII.

To Lord Althorpe.

Temple, Feb. 4, 1780.

THE public piety having given me this afternoon what I rarely can obtain—a short intermission of business—can I employ my leisure more agreeably than in writing to my friend ? I shall send my letter at random, not knowing whether you are at Althorpe or at Buckingham ; but persuading myself that it will find you without much delay. May I congratulate you and our country on your entrance upon the great career of public life ? If there ever was a time when men of spirit, sense, and virtue, ought to stand forth, it is the present. I am informed, that you have attended some country meet-

ings, and are on some committees. Did you find it necessary or convenient to speak on the state of the nation? It is a noble subject; and with your knowledge, as well as judgment, you will easily acquire habits of eloquence: but *habits* they are, no less than playing on a musical instrument, or handling a pencil: and as the best musicians and finest painters began with playing sometimes out of time, and drawing out of proportion; so the greatest orators must begin with leaving some periods unfinished, and perhaps with sitting down in the middle of a sentence. It is only by continued use that a speaker learns to express his ideas with precision and soundness, and to provide, at the beginning of a period, for the conclusion of it; but to this facility of speaking, the habit of writing rapidly contributes in a wonderful degree. I would particularly impress this truth upon your mind, my dear friend, because I am fully convinced that an Englishman's real importance in his country will always be in a compound ratio of his virtue, his knowledge, and his eloquence; without all of which qualities, little real utility can result from either of them apart: and I am no less persuaded, that a virtuous and knowing man, who has no natural impediment, may by habit acquire perfect eloquence, as certainly as a healthy man, who has the use of his muscles, may learn to swim or to skate. When shall we meet, and where, that we may talk over these and other matters? There are some topics which will be more properly discussed in conversation than upon paper, I mean on account of their copiousness; for believe me, I should not be concerned, if all that I write were copied at the

post-office, and read before the king in council.
* * * * * At the same time, I solemnly
declare, that I will not enlist under the banners of
a party—a declaration which is, I believe, useless;
because no party would receive a man, determined,
as I am, to think for himself. To you alone, my
friend, and to your interests, I am firmly attached,
both from early habit and from mature reason;
from ancient affection, unchanged for a single mo-
ment; and from a full conviction that such affection
was well placed. The views and wishes of all other
men, I will analyse and weigh with that suspicion
and slowness of belief, which my experience, such
as it is, has taught me; and to be more particular,
although I will be jealous of the regal part of our
constitution, and always lend an arm towards re-
straining its proud waves within due limits; yet
my most vigilant and strenuous efforts shall be
directed against any oligarchy that may rise; being
convinced, that on the popular part of every go-
vernment depends its real force, the obligation of
its laws, its welfare, its security, its permanence.
I have been led insensibly to write more seriously
than I had intended: my letters shall not always
be so dull; but with so many public causes of grief
or of resentment, who can at all times be gay?

* * * * *

LIX.

From the Rev. Edmund Cartwright.

SIR,

May 8, 1780.

It is with pleasure I observe the public papers mention you as one of the candidates to represent the university of Oxford at the ensuing election. As a literary society, the rank you hold in the republic of letters ought certainly to point you out as one of the first objects of her choice.

But it is not merely upon this principle that I feel myself interested in your success : exclusive of that veneration with which I look up to superior talents, I have an additional motive (which, indeed, ought to supersede every other) in the very high opinion I have formed of your integrity. If in this opinion I should be mistaken, your own writings have greatly contributed to mislead me. You will perceive, sir, my reason for troubling you with this letter is to desire that, when you make out a list of your friends upon this occasion, my name may be admitted into the number. I am, sir, with truth, your very sincere well-wisher, &c.

EDMUND CARTWRIGHT.

LX.

To the Rev. E. Cartwright.

DEAR SIR, Lamb's Buildings, Temple, May 16, 1780.
SINCE my friends have declared me a candidate for the very honourable seat which sir Roger Newdigate intends to vacate, I have received many flattering testimonies of regard from several respectable persons : but your letter, dated the 8th of May, which I did not receive till this morning, is, without a compliment, the fairest and most pleasing fruit of the competition in which I am engaged. The rule of the university, which is a very noble one, forbidding me to solicit votes for myself, I have not been at liberty even to apply to many persons whom it is both a pleasure and honour to know. Your unsolicited approbation is a great reward of my past toil in my literary career, and no small incentive to future exertions. As to my integrity, of which you are pleased to express a good opinion, it has not yet been tried by any very strong temptations : I hope it will resist them if any be thrown in my way. This only I may say (and I think without a boast), that my ambition was always very much bounded, and that my views are already attained by professional success adequate to my highest expectations.

Perhaps, I shall not be thought very unambitious, if I add, that my great object of imitation is Mr. Selden, and that, if I could obtain the same honour which was conferred on him, I should, like him, devote the rest of my life to the service of my constituents and my country ; to the practice of an useful profession, and to the unremitted study of our English laws, history, and literature. To be approved by you, and such men as you (if many such could be found), would be a sufficient reward to, &c.

W. JONES.

Permit me to add an ode, printed (but not published) before the present competition, and at a time when I should have been certainly made a judge in India, by the kindness of Lord North, if any appointment had taken place. It proves sufficiently that no views or connexions can prevent me from declaring my honest sentiments, when I think they may be useful to my country.

LXI.

From Mr. Burrows.

SIR,

Hadley, near Barnet, May 23, 1780.

FOR the first time I am sorry I did not take all my degrees. I should have been happy to have given the testimony of an individual to a merit, which I have long considered as the reproach, as well as ornament, of this age and country. I must add, it would have given me particular pleasure to have expressed my gratitude to one who has so much contributed to my instruction and amusement.

* * * * *

I most heartily wish you success, as the republic seems in great danger of taking some harm from the weakness of her friends and the vigour of her foes ; and never, in any time of her life, stood in more need of the attracting and repelling powers of men of ability. I must own too, I have an additional reason for wishing you seated in the British parliament ; as I shall take great satisfaction in seeing the dull of all denominations convinced, that men of wit and learning are as capable of excelling in public business, as they call it, as the most illiterate of them all.

I am, &c.

J. BURROWS.

/ LXII.

To Dr. Milman.

SIR,

May 30, 1780.

ALTHOUGH I have not yet the honour, to which I have long aspired, of your acquaintance and friendship, yet I am persuaded that the bond which ought, in this crisis, to unite all honest men, is, *idem sentire de republicâ*; and my friend, Mr. Milles, having imparted to me the contents of your yesterday's note, I beg leave to assure you, that I never imagined it possible, in this metropolis, at the busiest time of the year, for professional men to attend a committee of canvassers, and never thought of soliciting the attendance or exertions of my friends, any farther than might be consistent with their engagements and avocations. Accept, sir, my very warm and very sincere thanks (and when I have the honour of being known to you, you will find that my warmth and my sincerity are perfectly undissembled) for the sentiments which you express to Mr. Milles in regard to me. Whatever be the event of the competition in which I am engaged, I shall certainly reap the most pleasing fruit from the kindness of many excellent persons, by whom it is a high honour to be esteemed.



This only I can say ; that, my friends having nominated me, I have nothing to do but to steer right onward, as Milton says, to a poll. The voyage will probably last a twelvemonth at least ; and though I began to sail after the Monsoon, yet I am by no means in despair of reaching the port with flying pennons, how unfavourably soever some few breezes may blow. Without an allegory ; it will necessarily take up much time for my friends to canvass nine hundred voters, a great majority of whom is dispersed in various parts of the kingdom. As to my competitors, I know them both, and respect the benevolence of Sir W. Dolben as much as I admire the extensive erudition and fine taste of Dr. Scott : but their political principles are the reverse of mine.

LXIII.

*From H. A. Schultens.**

Leyden, June 2, 1780.

ALTHOUGH increasing, and, at this particular time, incessant occupation, reluctantly compels me, in some measure, to forego the pleasure of corresponding with my friends, yet the subject of your last

* Written in Latin.

letter appears to me so important, that I am determined to hazard an immediate answer to it in three words, rather than, by waiting for a more favourable opportunity, run the risk of exciting a suspicion of any want of regard and affection for you, by an apparent inattention to your interest. I should be as happy to promote it as my own, although I am unfortunately deficient in the means of doing it.

The situation for which you are canvassing, my friend, is most honourable and important; and if it be attainable by merit, not favour, I know no person more worthy of it than yourself; none who has higher pretensions to genius; none who possesses a greater extent of useful knowledge, nor a more powerful and commanding eloquence; none who exceeds you in love for liberty and your country; none more capable of applying a remedy to the disastrous situation of affairs, by wise counsels, prudence, fortitude, and integrity: none, therefore, to whose care our *alma mater* (allow me to evince my affection to the University by this expression) can more safely trust her interests and prosperity.

Have you, however, no apprehension that your enthusiasm for liberty, which is so generally known, may, in these unpropitious times, injure the success of your cause? Will those, upon whose votes your election depends, allow the University to be represented in parliament by Julius Melesigonus? My countrymen have adopted an opinion, that in the present situation of affairs, no man, who publicly avows his attachment to liberty, can be employed in the administration.

This, you will say, is no concern of mine: be that as it may, no exertions, on my part, shall be wanting

to promote your success; and I wish you would inform me how they can be directed to your advantage. Have I the power of sending a vote in your favour? I much doubt it. Shall I apply to any of my friends at Oxford who are well disposed towards me; for instance, Messrs. Kennicot, White, and Winstanley? Write to me without delay, and inform me what I shall do, that I may convince you of my zeal and sincerity to serve you.

I am at present at Leyden, having succeeded my father, who died about six months ago, in the professorship of Oriental literature: I have much to say upon this subject, and hope shortly to write fully to you about it. I long to know how you are, as well as that best of women, your mother, and your sister, to whose friendship I am so much obliged. Present my affectionate regards to them. Farewell, and remember me.

Some catalogues of my father's library, which is to be sold in September, have been forwarded, I think, to Elmsley, and I have ordered one to be sent to you.

LXIV.

To Dr. Wheeler.

MY DEAR SIR,

September 2, 1780.

THE parliament being suddenly dissolved, I must beg you, as one of my best and truest friends, to make it known in the University, that I decline giving the learned body any farther trouble, and am heartily sorry for that which has already been given them. It is needless to add, what you well know, that I should never have been the first to have troubled them at all: I always thought a delegation to parliament from so respectable a society a laudable object of true ambition; but I considered it as a distant object, as the reward of long labour and meritorious service in our country; and I conceived, that, had I filled a judge's seat in India, with the approbation of my countrymen, I might, on my return, be fixed on as a proper representative of the University. Had not that happened which you know, I should no more have thought of standing now, than of asking for a peerage. As to principles in politics, if my success at Oxford, at any future time, depend upon a change of them, my cause is hopeless: I cannot alter or conceal them without abandoning either my reason or my integrity; the first

of which is my only guide, and the second my chief comfort in this passage through life. Were I inclined to boast of any thing, I should certainly boast of making those principles my rule of conduct, which I learned from the best of men in ancient and modern times ; and which, my reason tells me, are conducive to the happiness of mankind. As to men, I am certainly not hostile to the ministers, from whom I have received obligations ; but I cannot in conscience approve their measures.

LXV.

To the Rev. Edmund Cartwright.

MY DEAR SIR,

September 4, 1780.

PERMIT me again to express (what I can never express too often, or too warmly) my very sincere thanks for your kind letter, dated May 8, and to assure you, as I may with the greatest truth, that I am just as much obliged to you as if your kindness had been attended with the most brilliant success ; but as my strength in the great elective body of our University (which strength, all circumstances considered, was very respectable) lay chiefly among the non-resident voters, it would be unpardonably ungrateful in me were I to give my friends the trouble of taking long journeys, without a higher

probability of success than my late inquiries have left me room to expect: I therefore decline giving any farther trouble to the learned body, and am heartily sorry for that which has already been given them, though not originally by me or my friends. I am perfectly conscious that had I been so fortunate as to succeed at Oxford, I should not have advanced, nor wished to advance, a single step in the career of ambition, but should cheerfully have sacrificed my repose and peace of mind to such a course as I conceived likely to promote the public good; and this consciousness cannot but prevent me from being in the least depressed by my failure of success. I should never repent of this little struggle, if it had produced no other fruit than the testimony of your approbation. The hurry of the general election to a professional man, has obliged me to suspend, till another long vacation, two little works, which I hoped to finish in the remainder of this. The first is a treatise on the Maritime Jurisprudence of the Athenians, illustrated by five speeches of Demosthenes, in commercial causes; and the second, a dissertation on the Manners of the Arabians before the time of Mahomet, illustrated by the seven poems, which were written in letters of gold, and suspended in the temple at Mecca, about the beginning of the sixth century. When they are printed, I shall be proud in submitting them to your judgment, as their excellence is well known.

LXVI.

To Lord Althorpe.

Sept. 4, 1780.

THE intelligence which you so kindly sent me, my dear lord, and which was perfectly unexpected, has suspended, for a short time, my excursion to Passy ; for though I have not received any positive retainers for election business, yet there will be some contests in Wales, where I may possibly be employed ; and, though the whole system of election-laws, and of elections themselves (I always except the Grenville judicature), is quite repugnant to my ideas of the constitution, yet it would be thought unprofessional to be absent from England at such a time ; nor ought indeed any Englishman to be absent, when the question to be decided is, “ Whether his country shall be free in form only, or in substance.” I have therefore postponed my expedition for a fortnight at least, in which time all the borough elections will, I suppose, be over ; and by that time I shall be able to form a tolerable judgment of the counties. In the several counties through which I lately passed, I received (what I did not ask or desire) much praise from many

worthy men for my plan to prevent the necessity of making a standing army perpetual; but the uniform objection which I heard was, "the plan is legal and constitutional, but this is not the time for it." Lord Mansfield himself thought otherwise, when he said, in the house of lords, that no time was to be lost in giving strength to the civil power: but let the objectors beware, lest by refusing to adopt such a plan while they are able, because they think the time improper, they should not, when the proper time shall come, be allowed to adopt it. We had some entertaining causes on the circuit, particularly a singular indictment for alarming a village on the coast of Pembrokehire, with a report that a hostile ship of war was approaching. The prosecutors were two magistrates (one of whom was an Indian ———) who were angry at having been made fools of; a point, however, which they could not easily have proved, inasmuch as they were fools already made. I defended the prosecuted man with success, and mingled in my speech many bitter reflections on the state of this country at the time of the alarm, and on the attempt (because the English laws were not relished in India) to import the Indian laws into England, by imprisoning and indicting an honest man, who had done no more than his duty, and whose only fault was fear, of which both his prosecutors were equally guilty. On my return through Oxford, I was convinced, by undoubted authority, that although I had been continually gaining ground, and had collected no fewer than ten or twelve votes on the circuit, yet I had no chance of success against Sir W. D., and any attempt to shake

Mr. Page would have been not only consummate rashness, but even inconsistent with my repeated declarations.

Let me request you to give my very sincere thanks to Dr. Preedy for his kind promise and assistance, assuring him (which is very true) that I am just as much obliged to him, as if his kindness had been attended with success, and desiring him to thank his friend Dr. Ruding in the same terms, and with the same sincerity. Must I add this trouble to that which you have already taken? I will make no apologies, after a friendship of fifteen years, uninterrupted even for a single moment. How shall I conclude? by wishing you prosperity in the Greek, or health in the Roman form? No man, my dear lord, wishes you both more ardently than I do.

Farewell.

LXVII.

To Dr. Wetherel.

SIR,

Sept. 6, 1780.

IT having been suggested to me by a most respectable friend, that it would be proper, and was in fact the due form, to apprise you and the vice-chancellor, as soon as possible, of my being no longer a candidate for the University, I sent to the houses of those gentlemen who honoured me with forming my committee, thinking it more regular that they should make the declaration of my having declined a poll; but as they are out of town, I am necessitated to trouble you with this letter. If Dr. Scott should stand the poll, I am ready to perform my promise of giving him my vote, as I am no more his competitor. Since I have taken up my pen (which it was by no means my intention to do), I cannot help saying that the conduct of some of my friends in respect of me gives me surprise, and (for their sakes rather than my own) uneasiness. If I have not been able to prove my attachment to my fellow-collegiates, it is because they never called for my service: if they had, they should have found that no man would have exerted himself

with more activity to serve them ; nor was I deficient in zeal, I well remember, when you, in particular, required my exertions. I am conscious of having deserved very well of the college ; and if any of its members are so unkind as to think otherwise, I will show my sense of their unkindness, by persisting, till my last hour, in deserving well of them. After this, I should little have expected that my letters, couched in the most sincere and affectionate terms, and absolutely unexceptionable if they had been fairly represented, would have been repeated by detached sentences (which might have made no small alteration in the sense) in several companies in the University ; still less should I have expected to find myself charged with misrepresenting (a serious word !) facts, of which I would, if necessary, make a deposition ; and with writing, what it must have appeared, from strong internal evidence, that I could not have written ; because it contained a mistake as to the number of our lay-fellows, which I (who know and esteem Mr. Ray) could never have made. Least of all could I have expected to be accused of wishing to overturn a constitution, which I prize because I understand it, and which I would sacrifice my life to preserve : all these charges God and my conscience enable me to bear with the coolest indifference, and with little abatement of that respect with which I ever have been, &c.

LXVIII.

To the Rev. Edmund Cartwright.

DEAR SIR,

September 8, 1780.

YOUR last favour I have this instant received, and am obliged to answer it in the greatest haste. I hope you have, by this time, received my letter, in which I informed you that I had declined a poll at Oxford, but was as much obliged to you and my other friends as if your kindness had been attended with the most brilliant success. I saw an advertisement in the paper, that Dr. Scott had declined.

* * * * *

I have been told, that the very ode to which you are so indulgent, lost me near twenty votes: this, however, I am unwilling to believe. I am, &c.

WILLIAM JONES.

SOME OBSERVATIONS RESPECTING THE SLAVE
TRADE.*

“ I PASS with haste by the coast of Africa, whence my mind turns with indignation at the abominable traffic in the human species, from which a part of our countrymen dare to derive their most inauspicious wealth. Sugar, it has been said, would be dear, if it were not worked by *Blacks* in the Western islands; as if the most laborious, the most dangerous works, were not carried on in every country, but chiefly in England, by *free* men: in fact, they are so carried on with infinitely more advantage; for there is an alacrity in a consciousness of freedom, and a gloomy sullen indolence in a consciousness of slavery: but let sugar be as dear as it may; it is better to eat none, to eat honey, if sweetness only be palatable; better to eat aloes or coloquintida, than violate a primary law of nature, impressed on every heart not imbruted by avarice; than rob one human creature of those eternal rights, of which no law upon earth can justly deprive him.”

* These have been extracted from a discourse drawn up by Mr. Jones, and containing the purport of a speech intended to have been made at a meeting of the freeholders of Middlesex, on the 9th of September, 1780.

LXIX.

To Lord Althorpe.

(No date.)

I THOUGHT myself peculiarly unfortunate last Friday, in my way to London: at Chatham, where I had the pleasure indeed of seeing lady Rothes restored to perfect health, I sought in vain for Mr. Langton among the new ravelines and counterscarps; and at Dartford I had the mortification to find, that you, my dear lord, were not in camp, where I was not without hope of passing an evening, which, I am persuaded, would have been equally agreeable to us both. After a very tedious and uncomfortable passage, I arrived at Margate on Wednesday night, having been out of England a month exactly, half of which time I spent at Paris. In this interval, I have seen, not indeed so many men or so many cities as the hero of the Odyssey, but a sufficient number of both to have enlarged very considerably the sphere of my knowledge. I have heard much and thought more; but the result of all I have heard and thought is, that the war, which I have invariably and deliberately condemned, as no less unjust than impolitic, will continue very long to desolate the country of our brethren, and exhaust our own. The principal object of my late excursion

has been completely answered; and I had more success than I at first expected, in one or two subordinate pursuits, professional and literary. I attended some causes at the *palais*, and have brought with me the works of a most learned lawyer, whose name and merit I shall have the honour of making known to our countrymen. I obtained access also to a fine manuscript in the royal library, which has given me a more perfect acquaintance with the manners of the ancient Arabians; and how little soever I may value mere *philology*, considered apart from the knowledge to which it leads, yet I shall ever set a high price on those branches of learning, which make us acquainted with the human species in all its varieties. Paris itself, and all the roads to it, are so perfectly known to you, that an account of my journey would be superfluous; and as to politics, I would rather converse than write on a subject so very serious; not that I have any apprehensions, as you well know, of the least danger, or even inconvenience to myself; but many accidents happen to letters, and in times like these the post is hardly to be trusted. This, however, I will say; that, as it is my fixed design, if I live to see a peace, to write an impartial history of the war; I was desirous, in France, to be acquainted with as many of the American leaders as I could meet with; and the same desire would have carried me to Amsterdam, if the season had not been so far advanced. All the intelligence that I collected, and all the observations that I made, you should have heard on Friday evening, had you been in camp, and shall hear in the course of conversation when we meet. I rejoice to hear, since my return, that lord Spencer

is much better. Farewell, my dear lord: you are more fully assured, than formal words can express, how sincerely I am, &c.

LXX.

To the Rev. Edmund Cartwright.

DEAR SIR,

November 12, 1780.

You have so fully proved the favourable opinion which you do me the honour to entertain of me, that I am persuaded you acquit me of any culpable neglect, in delaying, for more than two months, to answer your very obliging letter. The truth is, that I had but just received it when I found myself obliged to leave England on very pressing business; and I have not long been returned from Paris. The hurry of preparing myself for so long a journey, at such a season, left me no time for giving you my hearty thanks, which I now most sincerely request you to accept, both for your kind letter, and for the very elegant sonnet, with which you have rewarded me abundantly for my humble labours in the field of literature. I give you my word, that your letters and verses have greatly encouraged me in proceeding, as expeditiously as I am able, to send abroad my *Seven Arabian Poets*; and I propose to spend next month at Cambridge, in order to finish my little work, and to make use of a rare manuscript, in the library of Trinity College: my own manuscript,

which was copied for me at Aleppo, is very beautiful, but, unfortunately, not very correct. You may depend on receiving a copy as soon as it can be printed.

How happy I shall be if I should be able to wait upon you in Leicestershire, or to see you in London, and assure you in person, that I am, with the greatest sincerity, &c.

W. JONES.*

* About the period at which this letter was written, the following private memorandum was made by Mr. Jones, respecting his future studies and pursuits.

Anno Ætat. 33.

Resolved to learn no more *rudiments* of any kind, but to *perfect* myself in,

First, twelve languages, as the means of acquiring accurate knowledge of the

I.—HISTORY.

of

- | | |
|---------|------------|
| 1. Man. | 2. Nature. |
|---------|------------|

II.—ARTS.

- | | | | |
|--------------|------------|--------------|-----------|
| 1. Rhetoric. | 2. Poetry. | 3. Painting. | 4. Music. |
|--------------|------------|--------------|-----------|

III.—SCIENCES.

- | | | |
|---------|-----------------|---------------|
| 1. Law. | 2. Mathematics. | 3. Dialectic. |
|---------|-----------------|---------------|

N. B.—Every species of *human* knowledge may be reduced to one or other of these divisions: even *law* belongs partly to the history of man, partly, as a science, to dialectic.

The twelve languages are,

Greek,
 Latin,
 Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese,
 Hebrew, Arabic,
 Persian,
 Turkish,
 German, English.

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 1780.

INDEX.

<i>Letter</i>	<i>Page</i>
I. To C. Reviczki	3
II. From C. Reviczki	5
III. From C. Reviczki	7
IV. From C. Reviczki	11
V. From C. Reviczki	15
VI. From C. Reviczki	18
VII. To C. Reviczki	21
VIII. To C. Reviczki	25
IX. To C. Reviczki	26
X. To John Wilmot, esq.	27
XI. To Lady Spencer	28
XII. To C. Reviczki	32
XIII. To N. B. Halhed, esq.	36
XIV. To C. Reviczki	38
XV. To C. Reviczki	40
XVI. To Lady Spencer	41
XVII. To Lady Spencer	43
XVIII. To C. Reviczki	46
XIX. From C. Reviczki	50
XX. From C. Reviczki	53
XXI. To C. Reviczki	56

<i>Letter</i>	<i>Page</i>
XXII. To D. B.	59
XXIII. To John Wilmot, esq.	62
XXIV. To Mr. Hawkins	65
XXV. To C. Reviczki	66
XXVI. To Mr. Hawkins	69
XXVII. To Robert Orme, esq.	71
XXVIII. From Dr. Hunt	72
XXIX. From Dr. Hunt	75
XXX. To F. P. Bayer	77
XXXI. From H. A. Schultens	78
XXXII. To H. A. Schultens	82
XXXIII. From Mr. Howard	87
XXXIV. To Mr. Howard	88
XXXV. From Mr. Waddilove	90
XXXVI. To F. P. Bayer	91
XXXVII. To G. S. Michaelis	94
XXXVIII. To Lady Spencer	95
XXXIX. From Lady Spencer	96
XL. To C. Reviczki	100
XLI. From C. Reviczki	101
XLII. To H. A. Schultens	103
XLIII. To Lord Althorpe	104
XLIV. To Lord Althorpe	107
XLV. From H. A. Schultens	109
XLVI. To H. A. Schultens	116
XLVII. To Lord Althorpe	117
XLVIII. From Mr. Burke	121
XLIX. From Mr. Swinney	122
L. From Dr. Gilbert Stuart	124
LI. From Dean Tucker	126
LII. To Lord Althorpe	127
LIII. From Prince Czartoryski	130
LIV. To Prince Czartoryski	134
LV. From Dr. Stuart	136
LVI. From Dr. Stuart	138
LVII. From C. Reviczki	139
LVIII. To Lord Althorpe	140
LIX. From the Rev. E. Cartwright	143

<i>Letter</i>	<i>Page</i>
LX. To the Rev. E. Cartwright	144
LXI. From Mr. Burrows	146
LXII. To Dr. Milman	147
LXIII. From H. A. Schultens	148
LXIV. To Dr. Wheeler	151
LXV. To the Rev. E. Cartwright	152
LXVI. To Lord Althorpe	154
LXVII. To Dr. Wetherel	157
LXVIII. To the Rev. E. Cartwright	159
Some Observations respecting the Slave Trade	160
LXIX. To Lord Althorpe	161
LXX. To the Rev. E. Cartwright	163

END OF VOL. I.

Jones, William

Letters of Sir William Jones chronologically arranged from Lord Teignmouth'
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